Reuther's Nursing Home *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Way Out West

A Report on Goldwater by Gilbert Harrison

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Mrs. Schultz' Problem

★ Mrs. Theresa Schultz wrote to Wisconsin's liberal Congressman Henry Reuss the other day. This, in effect, is the sad story she told. Her husband, 67, underwent heart surgery but the operation was unsuccessful and he died. He was in the hospital 22 hours. Mrs. Schultz received a doctor's bill of $645, one from the anesthetist for $105, and from the hospital – $907.15. There were other charges, the total around $1,737.15. Her husband, Peter, Mrs. Schultz wrote, had tried to get medical and hospital insurance from Blue Cross and two private companies but had been refused. What, wrote Mrs. Schultz, was she to do?

Well, what *was* she to do? As Rep. Reuss commented, this isn't by any means an unusual case. Still, "every other civilized country has taken care of this problem years ago."

The situation has particular meaning to TRB. One day, recently, a member of his family noted spots and sparks in her right eye. "Odd," she thought, rubbing it. The floating rods and bursts of light continued. It was like Kipling's *The Light That Failed.* The doctor pursed his lips and made a half-hour examination. "You have a torn retina," he said grimly at last.

Two months later, the surgery is over, the eye is almost as good as new, and there is general rejoicing; modern medicine has worked a miracle. Now TRB is looking over the bills. This is what can happen to you, or your family, even if you have Blue Cross and surgical insurance:

Surgical fee $500 (half paid by insurance), plus $100 more for examinations (not covered). Nine days in hospital ($29 a day), operating room, recovery room and assorted services, $437.69; insurance paid all but $66.29. Several days round-the-clock nursing (lest patient rub off bandage in sleep) $308; not insured. Total cost to patient, not covered by insurance, $724.29.

The result is worth every cent of it, of course, for families rise to such emergencies. But how about the family that can't afford the bill? Not upper-class or middle-income families, for they are generally insured; not the very poor, for they can generally get treated free (at any rate if they are lucky). But the mass of lower middle-income Americans, the bulk of the nation; what quiet despair do blows like this inflict? The miracles of modern medicine are sleek and expensive as Cadillacs and Continentals, and they must often be paid for out of Volkswagen incomes!

In a quarter century the cost of medical care has risen spectacularly. All these antiseptic hospitals and noble medical discoveries, go into the figure. On the US cost of living index (1957-59=100) medical care services were 46.3 in 1935 and 120.5 in September, 1963. Of all the composite cost-of-living items, the "services" are rising fastest, and of all services, medical care is ahead. When you think of what General Eisenhower calls "inflation," think of medical care. How long can the richest nation on earth remain the only one that does not have state medical insurance?

Medicare is one of the things Congress hasn't got around to in 1963. Nor will it pass either the Kennedy tax cut or civil rights bill this year. Congress wants to raise its own salary from $22,500 to $32,500 but, in view of current criticism, it probably won't have the nerve. This is too bad in a way since a general federal pay increase is needed. But no boost for Congress: no boost for the government clerk.

The Surly Congress

★ We can't recall in our time a more sour atmosphere in Congress than now, finally finding vent in back-biting and recrimination. Senator Russell denounces House Republican Leader Halleck; Senator Dodd denounces gentle (and ineffective) Majority Leader Mansfield; Rep. Tom Steed (D, Okla., who wants election junk mail privileges for House members) says he knows a Senator with two call girls on his payroll; 30-year-old pro-Birchite Rep. Foreman (R, Texas) attacks other Texas Congressmen as "pinks"; a Congressional junket to Paris led by Rep. Hayes (D, Ohio) takes along seven wives and the House restaurant headwaiter at taxpayers' expense; Bobby Baker, former factotum of Senate Democrats, turns out to have made a million on the job; Rep. Byrnes (R, Wis.), who helped reverse an unfavorable tax ruling for a Milwaukee mortgage insurance company, is shown to have multiplied his investment 10 times in a privileged purchase of the company's stocks; a court jails two former Congressmen.

Why doesn't Congress act? That's easy, Congressmen say it's *your* fault. "I hear little complaint," says comfortable Senator George D. Aiken (R, Vt.), "because this Congress has not enacted a lot of new legislation. In fact the general public seems quite content to have us stay here the year round [and] . . . not upset the economic applecart with a lot of new laws."

"A germaneness rule for this body?" laughed Dirksen to reporters, "Ha, ha, ha; and I might add, Ho, ho, ho!"

You don't like the way Congress is stalling? That will amaze Congress; for, as Aiken of Vermont says, it hears "little complaint."

Saigon and Sundust

★ Right up to the overturn of the Diem regime US officials were saying it couldn't happen, and this ought to be a lesson to sophisticated readers. Where the US government is allied with a warring satellite it *has* to say encouraging things and tell lies about it. Where the truth came from was the press – *NY Timesman* David Halberstam, and the rest of the Saigon crew, and they risked their necks to tell it.

And finally, we note a subtle change in articles about Barry Sundust. His proposal to "sell" TVA helped do it. People who have known his views are astonished that they cause such surprise now. We suggest as a Goldwater bumper sign, "Barry in MDCCCLXIV."

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Aid But Not Comfort

The President is of the opinion that "this is the worst attack on foreign aid we've seen since the Marshall Plan," but the Administration invited attack before the battle began. First, Mr. Kennedy appointed a commission headed by General Clay which he must have known would not be disposed either to firmly endorse the President's original request for $4.9 billion (it was trimmed to $4.5 billion in the Clay Report), or come up with any radically new approach that took into realistic account the urgent and growing needs of developing nations over the next decade. Then in the Senate, almost before debate had opened on the President's foreign aid request, Senators Mansfield and Fulbright, Senator Dirksen concurring, volunteered to cut it by $385 million. From then on, it was every man for himself. At one point, Senator Anderson rose to ask what the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Fulbright, really thought of the bill. Liberals like Frank Church and Ernest Gruening, neither of whom is up for re-election for another five years, teamed up with budget balancers and America-firsters like Barry Goldwater to hack away. Not Senators Mansfield and Dirksen, but the Oregon maverick Wayne Morse took charge. Anti-Kennedy Southerners, many of whom had heretofore voted for the program, now took pleasure in slicing a bit here and a bit there. What Senator Long of Louisiana termed the most ridiculous piece of amending legislation in his experience was approved – "no assistance shall be furnished under this Act to any country which has extended or hereafter extends its jurisdiction for fishing purposes over any area of the high seas beyond three miles from the coast line of such country." The Chilean, Ecuadorian and Peruvian peasants who will be hurt by this are in no position to compete with the tuna fishermen of California and Washington, represented by Senators Kuchel and Magnuson; the crabmen of Alaska, backed by Senators Gruening and Bartlett; or Senator Tower's Texas shrimpers – whose collective difficulties with foreign boundary makers led to the amendment's adoption. Senator Proxmire gave the show away when he stated in support of his own amendment to deprive the President of any discretion in giving assistance to Yugoslavia (adopted, and unadopted 24 hours later): "I honestly believe that the vast majority of people in Yugoslavia do not approve of this dictator. Certainly the people who have come to Wisconsin from Yugoslavia have nothing good to say about him."

Foreign aid, it is always said, has no constituency and is therefore

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especially vulnerable. Yet Congressmen say privately that the hostility of their constituents this year is very little, if any, greater than in the past. Nor can one explain the abandon with which internationally-minded Senators have been trying to write a new bill on the floor of the Senate on the grounds that something is wrong with the program. Many things may be wrong with it, but they will not be righted this way.

Who is to blame? To a large extent, the very leaders who clearly see the importance of foreign aid. It has been presented by them for the past decade not as a continuing obligation of the rich to the poor, which it is, but as "a weapon maintaining the influence of the United States," as the President said on November 14, or as good for American business. Congress then steps in and decides to cut off funds to countries where US influence has waned or which restrict US fishing rights. And if, as its salesmen have been saying for so long, aid is a weapon against Communism, why give it to Poland or Yugoslavia? The appeal that has been muted is the appeal to conscience. The government has been and still is willing to cast its bread upon the waters, for we have wheat in embarrassing and expensive surplus, but thereafter the discussion is in terms of mutual back-scratching. A magnanimous enterprise is reduced finally to a slush fund.

"Now don't try to tell me there's a baby in the bath water."

Commercials Unlimited?

Scratch a broadcaster, and he'll scratch back, which is why Congress prefers to keep its hands off radio/TV and would like the FCC to do likewise. Here we now have a bill, introduced by Representative Walter Rogers (D, Texas), and on which a House Commerce Subcommittee is eliciting testimony, that would prohibit the Commission from regulating the length and frequency of commercials. Rep. Rogers' bill is in response to an FCC proposal to make mandatory some limitation on commercials, along the line of those already spelled out in the voluntary code of the National Association of Broadcasters, but often ignored. (FCC Chairman E. William Henry has testified that 40 percent of 134 radio stations recently surveyed had more than the allowed 18 minutes of commercials in one or more hours. Chairman Henry also cited, by way of a "horror-story" example, one station that had broadcast thirty minutes of commercials in a single hour.)

Independent regulatory agencies exist to carry out "the will of the Congress" with regard to matters on which the legislators lack either time or expertise. As the number of radio stations multiplied and overlapping signals were destroying one another, it was the broadcasting industry itself which demanded regulation to allocate radio frequencies. That meant that from the start, the FCC was obliged to evaluate station performance, for not all bidders could be given clear-channel, high-wattage frequencies; and the technological limitation on the number of channels was greater in TV than in radio.

Since Congress long ago gave the FCC a mandate to regulate in "the public interest, convenience and necessity," and has shared with the President in the appointment of its members – quite recently in the instance of Chairman Henry – it would seem proper to allow the Commission to meet its responsibilities without harassment. The FCC has not been vindictive: it gives broadcasters ample opportunity to present their views on proposed rules and has not been notably autocratic when faced, as it often is, with industry displeasure.

Such an intervention as that of Rogers doesn't merely reduce, or try to reduce the Commissioners to clerks; it is intermingled with Congress' perennial difficulty in separating private from public interests. Stock held by Congressmen in broadcasting stations, as well as the legislators' awe of the political power of the communications media, have made it especially difficult for the Commerce Committee to see the consumer-viewer's interest as clearly as it sees that of the stations.

One broadcaster has said that fewer commercials would "choke off" his earning power. Is that to be the final consideration? The government limits revenues of all kinds of businesses to guard public safety, health

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and morals. Some commercial activities are totally forbidden, in the public interest. So the true question is, where to strike the balance? Leaving aside the quality of its advertising, a station that cannot survive on revenues produced by eighteen minutes of commercials per hour, if radio, or four minutes plus spot announcements per half-hour of prime time television, should make way for one that can. These are the NAB's own code requirements, and are not stringent. One suspects that what is at issue in most cases is maximum profit, not survival. An accounting study could determine how many stations would be thrown into bankruptcy if the FCC's proposed rules were adopted.

Liberals and Civil Rights

The compromise civil rights bill, which by virtue of House Republican support, is assured of eventual passage there, is a product of a miraculous rescue operation. As such, it is something to wonder at and be grateful for. It is, as Alexander M. Bickel pointed out in these columns last week, endowed with an excellent FEPC section that was not present in the original Administration bill. But as Mr. Bickel also noted, it is in important respects a worse bill than the Kennedy draft.

One might think that this deterioration is owing to bargains that had to be struck with the Republicans. Actually, the deterioration took place in the House Judiciary Subcommittee that drafted what was widely advertised as a "harder," "tougher," "stronger" bill.

The new bill, for example, omits an original Administration proposal that federal voting referees be empowered to register qualified Negroes in time for an impending election. The "hard" subcommittee draft had retained this provision, but had qualified it in such a fashion as to make it either ineffective or unadministerable, one cannot be sure which precisely. The liberals on the subcommittee would have impounded ballots cast by persons with federal registration and, in effect, allowed them to be counted, if at all, only well after the election result had been otherwise determined.

The new bill also leaves out a far-ranging and important provision in the original Administration bill for a Community Relations Service. The omission is traceable directly to that "tough" subcommittee draft. For some impenetrable reason, the subcommittee restricted the personnel of the Community Relations Service to no more than six, presumably including janitors and secretaries, in addition to the director. Dropping it was preferable to retaining such a sham.

This being so, it is passing strange that some Negro spokesmen, including the NAACP's man in Washington, should have blamed the Administration for compromising, and should have regretted its failure to fight for the "stronger" (but weaker) subcommittee draft.

Security at State

The State Department has removed Mr. Otto F. Otepka as its chief security risk evaluation officer because it claims that in violation of a Presidential order he gave to the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security – among other things – classified information relating to the loyalty of prospective employees. For his part, Mr. Otepka says he provided this information to Mr. Sourwine, the committee counsel, to correct impressions made by Mr. John F. Reilly, his immediate superior, and which Otepka felt both distorted facts and reflected on his, Otepka's, abilities and integrity. The information provided was innocuous, Otepka says, since it contained no investigative data nor any substantive material, and if he was violating perhaps the letter of the Presidential order he certainly was cherishing the higher morality implicit in its spirit.

There are two things which may be said about this business. The first derives from Senator Dodd's spirited defense of Otepka on the grounds that every government official enjoys the right to furnish information to Congress. That was answered some years back, and by Senator Dodd's colleagues. The Senate Select Committee which examined the censure charges brought against the late Senator McCarthy stated that the President could prescribe reasonable regulations to safeguard information "notwithstanding that the regulation might indirectly interfere with any secret transmission line between the executive employees and any individual member of Congress."

Otepka might have sought to correct the faulty impressions he felt had been left with the Committee either by taking the matter to superiors in the State Department, by asking to have the papers declassified,

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or by asking to testify again before the Committee. He did none of these things.

As for Senator Dodd's suggestion that every government employee should stand ready to tattle on any other before any Congressional committee involving itself with security, he merely is attempting to subvert every other espionage system to that of his own. He must understand the reluctance of the State Department to run the lines of command for its internal security program through Mr. Sourwine.

On a very different line, however, Dodd's subcommittee has revealed through its pursuit of the Otepka case, just how assailable the State Department's operation is. It has been shown during the Otepka case, tapping telephones, snooping through trash baskets, locking people out of their offices and searching desks. It must be a charming place to work.

Travel Ban

What "reasons of national security" that were not compelling three months ago, or when Mr. Kennedy took office or during the eight years of Eisenhower moves the Administration to impose new travel restrictions on diplomatic, counselor and UN mission personnel stationed here from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Rumania? The impulse to be gracious to the Russians could hardly flow free in a week when the Soviets arrest Yale Professor Frederick C. Barghoorn on the thinnest charges of espionage. But travel by Soviet diplomatic personnel in the US is already limited; this new order is not directed at them.

Are we punishing, let us say, the Poles, who permit our diplomats to travel freely about their country? But the White House has just emerged jubilant from the mud of the Senate where it rescued the "most favored nation" status of the Poles in foreign aid. Thus, the Department tells us one week that the Poles must be encouraged in their independence, and the next it puts down a travel ban which can only be justified on the theory that no Polish diplomat can be trusted to be more than a Soviet automaton, a view we did not take even in Stalin's time.

The reasons for this further departure from an open society are themselves restricted by national security. But there has emerged a background story which indicates that some Hungarian diplomatic officials (or they may have been Poles, Bulgarians or Czechs) may have been discovered on an auto tour from missile site to missile site. The inference has to be they were gathering information for the Soviet Union.

It would be useful to the Soviet Union to pinpoint more precisely our hardened Titan or Minutemen rockets. But there seems no plausible way to keep installations of this size secret and no guarantee that a Soviet agent once-removed can be kept from spotting them. The new ban does so little toward that guarantee that its sponsors did not even bother to follow the idea to its logical, if unfortunate, conclusion; it does not apply to journalists or tourists from the satellite nations and it does not apply to American Communists who, on the public record of their speeches at least, are considerably more devoted to the Soviet Union than most Polish and Rumanian diplomats are.

Reuther's Nursing Home

Nothing is fashionable about American labor these days except the tone of complaint about its inadequacies. A persuasive source of the complaint is how poor a bargain for Walter Reuther the merger of his Congress of Industrial Organizations with the American Federation of Labor has turned out to be after 10 years. Still it is only fair to wonder how any better bargain could have been struck. The union of AFL and CIO was accompanied by illusory visions of the new world coming to the rescue of the old. We only know now that what brought the CIO home was not the pulsing of the blood but its exhaustion.

There is, of course, no united labor movement in any sense more tangible than there was a universal Catholic Church in Europe in the 18th Century. Meany is like a Pope of that period, using the Cardinals of one national state to balance against the others. The AFL-CIO convention opened in New York last week, habitually unanimous on the floor, although personally rancorous in the corridors. The real state of disunion showed itself, however, in the pre-convention meetings of the AFL-CIO's individual departments. All, true to pattern, were unanimous; but they were unanimous against one another: the Maritime Trades against the Industrial Union Department; the Industrial Union Department against the Building Trades.

Walter Reuther called his Industrial Union Department to Washington a week before the general AFL-CIO convention. Some of the vertical unions in the old AFL have joined it and fortify its claim to represent 5.8 million workers, but its core is the old CIO unions, and its authority rests on the Auto Workers and the Steelworkers, both still huge and relatively vigorous.

A Georgia journalist reported the other day that the Industrial Union Department's organizers were at the point of an impressive breakthrough in Southern textiles. If it comes no one will be more surprised than these delegates; they gabbled with entire inattention organizing director. In the spiritless conditions enforced by real life, bishops can be excused if their benefices seem more real to them than the salvation of the

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unchurched. True concern enters their discussion, here as in the craft departments, when the subject is somethrough the report of Nick Zonarich, their department's thing like the protection of the steel union's jurisdiction against the challenge of the building trades. But that, of course, is what they have learned from living and bargaining inside the AFL: Meany may not listen to the CIO's social teachings but he will recognize its property rights.

Reuther gave a long speech, closely attended even by the substantial group of delegates who blame their failures on him as he blames his on Meany. It was an impressive display of how much Reuther's head understands about the size of our problems and the meagerness of the response of all American society. He reminded his unions that their members belong to a middle class – a misconception he has acquired from the middle class – and that they must organize the poor and the disinherited and, he paused, "the sharecroppers." But the sharecroppers were a problem of the Thirties. If Walter Reuther seems a little obsolete it is because the image of challenge starts from memory rather than from any immediate present shock. The civil rights resolution was offered; one delegate spoke of the Sunday afternoon when he had been watching the Ted Mack show and had been shocked at the news bulletin which broke in to say that four children had been killed in a Birmingham church. It was an unfortunate picture of the moment when a leader of the oppressed was confronted with the challenge of history; still where were any of the rest of us at that moment?

Whatever there was of the spirit that evokes had then to come from the outside. It was brought by A. Philip Randolph, president of the Sleeping Car Porters and organizer of the March on Washington. The old CIO blames Meany for that insensitivity to Randolph's early reproaches which leaves the AFL-CIO so embarrassed now. Still the old CIO, trapped by the rule that in Rome there must be unanimity, is hardly less guilty.

In 1961, when Randolph presented formal charges of discrimination inside the labor movement, the AFL-CIO issued in reply a report which was simply a denouncement of heresy, different from those of tradition only for the absence of spiritual content and some concern for truth. That report was signed by Jacob Potofsky and Joseph Beirne from the old CIO unions; now they sat on the platform as members of the committee to escort Randolph into the hall.

Randolph came not to judge but to forgive; and he acted like a man reporting back to old, always trustworthy allies on the commission he had taken for them. He told them the story of the labor movement and the Negro after the Civil War and, for the first time, in all their deliberations, memory had been used for some purpose besides rhetoric and the past brought together with the present and it was possible to believe in the power of the private man. Randolph thanked them for the money they had given the March on Washington; and he managed at once to make them believe that he thought money alone was enough and still to make them know, if only for a little while, that it was not. If Randolph is at home there, we may begin to wonder whether the new prevailing tone of complaint is any more adequate for talking about Walter Reuther's labor movement than was the old tone of celebration. The inheritors of the old CIO are not as used up and exhausted as fashion thinks them. They may not even be as used up as they think themselves.

Murray Kempton

The Deal on Wheat

"We want to buy; you want to sell," Moscow's minister counselor in Washington, said affably shortly before Mr. Kennedy reversed the ban on shipments of subsidized commodities to Communist-bloc countries. As this is written, there is still no clear assurance that the Soviet, which is unhappy about the premium it must pay for American shipping, will buy. As of late last week, however, grain dealers were still optimistic that Russian purchasing agents would follow the lead of the Hungarians who earlier contracted for 100,000 tons of wheat.

When President Kennedy gave the green light to purely "commercial" grain sales to the Soviet bloc, one compelling argument at his disposal was the superiority of private enterprise which such sales would demonstrate to the Communist world. In what followed, however, that free market economy proved not quite so free; indeed, it tripped all over itself.

The weekend before Mr. Kennedy's announcement, Russian officials agreed in consultations with Llewellyn E. Thompson, former Ambassador to Moscow, to five conditions placed upon these sales by the Administration. One was the requirement that the grain be carried in American bottoms, where "available." The Soviet merchant marine is, after all, engaged elsewhere – in transporting the first cargoes of massive wheat purchases from Canada and Australia, in supplying Cuba's limping economy, and in normal trade. Besides, Soviet diplomats were no doubt aware that American maritime unions would see to it that no Communist ships were loaded in US ports. Assistant Labor Secretary James Reynolds was dispatched to New York to work out an agreement with the International Longshoremen's Association, guaranteeing the use of US ships and an embargo on transshipments of grain to Cuba.

What Thompson and the Soviet diplomats did not discuss was the peculiar structure of American shipping

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rates. (Asked why it was not discussed, an Administration official later said "there is no answer," then added that it was not a subject of preliminary negotiation.)

On October 9, the day of the President's announcement, there seemed to be no impediment to the sale of some $300 million in wheat. Then, suddenly, both sides realized the Communists were going to have to pay about $10 a ton more for whatever grain was carried in American ships. Domestic shipowners were quoting $23 a ton to Black Sea ports, as against $12 to $13 for foreign bottoms. The Russians balked; the rate differential was "discriminatory." (The Russians, who charge their satellites up to half again as much for petroleum as they do Western nations, might argue that one discriminates against friends but not against enemies.)

Meanwhile, the President had sold the advantages of the grain deal all too well. It would, he pointed out, reduce our international payments deficit, save the American taxpayer $200 million in grain storage costs, shrink substantially the nation's most worrisome agricultural surplus, aid the farmer by firming up wheat prices, give a hypodermic shot to our anemic merchant marine, and provide employment to longshoremen, seamen and railroad workers.

Shipping rates are an economic anomaly, reflecting at one and the same time classic pure competition and the most shameless price fixing. The bulk of the 840-ship American merchant marine is made up of scheduled line freighters whose owners, in order to receive government subsidies, must agree to abide by rates set by international "conferences" or cartels (in which American operators are customarily a minority). These scheduled vessels can carry a small portion of the grain shipments as "bottom cargo," provided their regular routes take them to or near Communist-bloc ports.

Most of the shipments, however, would have to go via nominally unsubsidized independent tankers or tramps, whose rates rise and fall sharply in accord with supply and demand. These tankers and tramps, moreover, are subsidized in fact. By law, 50 percent of foreign aid or surplus farm products to underdeveloped nations must be carried in American bottoms, and those shipments comprise nearly all their cargoes. The rates in these instances are governed by Maritime Administration "guidelines" which take into account higher American costs.

With most of their tonnage thus taken up by government-sponsored cargoes, the independent operators can afford to charge higher commercial rates than their overseas brethren. This dual pricing has been the stumbling block to a quick wheat deal, and it may lead to questioning of the whole maritime subsidy program. Under the guise of maintaining wartime shipping capacity, the program has failed to prevent great numbers of American ships from fleeing into foreign, or "flag of convenience," registry. And despite the $315 million annual cost to taxpayers, it has failed to halt the decline of a merchant marine which last year carried only nine percent of this nation's foreign waterborne commerce, as against 30 percent ten years ago.

With the Russians steadfastly refusing to pay a $10 differential, Senator Humphrey suggested withdrawing the shipping preference, a trial balloon that burst as soon as it left the ground. Finally, a compromise was devised in which the nebulous concept of ship availability was pinned down by specifying that 50 percent of the shipments be carried in American bottoms, as long as they could be chartered at rates within Maritime Administration guidelines patterned after those used for foreign aid cargoes. These guidelines, which typically put a $16-a-ton ceiling on the Gulf to Leningrad route for ships 15,500 tons and over, represented a significant drop from the rates quoted earlier. With the premium for American shipping thus reduced to more modest proportions, the smart money in commercial grain circles began betting the Russians would go along.

NATO Muddle

There could be no better illustration of the confusion in NATO strategy than the interview with the British Defense Minister, Peter Thorneycroft, recently published in the German weekly, *Der Spiegel*. In almost the same breath Thorneycroft announced that Britain would support the proposed new "forward strategy," that the forward strategy would be more convincing if NATO had more than the current 26 divisions in Europe, that Britain might not be able to meet her own reduced target of 55,000 soldiers in Germany and that in his view the main threat was not in Europe in any case. This welter of incompatible statements could be paralleled by quotations from other NATO defense ministers, indeed from the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe himself. It arises inevitably because there is so far no real consensus on strategy among the major NATO powers, yet the appearance of some compromise between their views must be maintained.

Broadly speaking Washington still hankers after a strategy which would enable NATO to withstand even a major Soviet invasion without recourse to nuclear weapons. NATO's existing forces could not possibly hold a line so long and so far forward as the Iron Curtain. But Bonn cannot accept a strategy which involves the immediate sacrifice of half of West Germany's territory, so she has insisted on committing the NATO forces to fight their main battle on the frontier of Eastern Germany. To make any sense, this implies the early if not immediate use of nuclear weapons on the battlefield, even though this in turn would lead to

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the total destruction of both halves of Germany, since NATO has so far made no serious attempt to limit the use of nuclear weapons at least inside the theater where they are used. For this reason the only rational purpose for the proposed use of nuclear weapons by the West is to pose a threat of immediate escalation up to all-out nuclear war. That is why the West Germans, supported by America's General Lyman Lemnitzer, want NATO to have atomic missiles which can reach into the heart of European Russia.

Britain believes that the present NATO posture, with all its contradictions and inadequacies, is sufficient to deter Khrushchev from any deliberate attack – which he shows no sign in any case of contemplating – but fears that to deploy large numbers of "tactical" atomic weapons along the Iron Curtain might cause even an accidental skirmish to lead to total ruin.

France under de Gaulle is even more confident of Russia's non-aggressive intentions, and believing that America's nuclear power will remain an effective deterrent against a Soviet attack on Europe whatever America's juridical commitments is prepared to take hair-raising risks in trying to force the Americans out of Europe altogether so that her neighbors will turn to France's nuclear shield instead for their defense.

The yawning gulf between these different approaches has so far mattered in practice far less than theorists have imagined. After all there has been no sign whatever that Russia is prepared to take the slightest risk of war in Europe. Her caution during the second Berlin crisis has made a striking contrast with her trigger-happy behavior over Berlin 15 years ago. Ironically, the only military risk Khrushchev has taken since he won power in Moscow was in Cuba, on America's very doorstep and far outside the NATO area.

But it is vitally necessary to reconcile the divergent strategies inside NATO before any physical step is taken to change the qualitative balance of forces between East and West in Europe – and in particular before the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe is given the physical capacity to drop atomic bombs on Russia. Even the ambiguous assignment to NATO of the British V-Bombers and American Polaris submarines should have compelled governments to face this issue. The proposal for a large multilateral nuclear force under NATO command makes it urgent and imperative to find a real consensus. For the problem of commanding and controlling such a force, difficult enough in the most favorable circumstances, would be quite insoluble if the governments concerned hold different strategic doctrines.

DENIS HEALEY

MR. HEALEY, *Labour Member of Parliament, is Defense Minister in his party's "Shadow Cabinet."*

FOREIGN REPORTS

ARGENTINA: *Go Home Yankee Trader*

★ President Illia probably will go through with his threat to annul Argentina's oil contracts; to back down now would cripple his already weak standing as a national leader, split his minority Radical Party down the center and align against him all of the smaller leftist parties whose support he needs.

Esso, Pan-American International, Tennessee Gas Transmission and Cities Service, the four American companies involved, claim a total investment of about $397 million, all but one-sixth of which has been recovered through profits. Allowing for overstatement, it may be presumed that they are near the break-even point. The real danger is not that the companies will be shown the door, but that if the contracts they have to extract oil and pump it into the state storage tanks are invalidated, this will give *Yacimientes Petroliteras Fiscales*, the government agency charged with developing Argentina's oil, more opportunity to distort the Argentine economy. It already has debts of over $200 million; it is riddled with inefficiency and corruption. (One company representative said it was almost impossible to break into the field of selling to YPF because there were so many palms to be greased on the way in). The example used in Buenos Aires to measure the performance of YPF is that Pan-American produces 15 percent of Argentina's oil with 130 men, YPF produces 50 percent and has 40,000 people on its payroll. Of course, the comparison is not entirely just, since YPF provides hospitals and houses and even schools for its workers in isolated zones.

It was this aspect of the oil story in Argentina which made former President Frondizi ditch his election promises to keep the industry purely Argentine, and so become to many a "traitor." The country then was using three times as much oil as the bankrupt YPF could produce and as a result footing an annual bill of $250 million. Argentina is not a really rich oil country – reserves are estimated at 2.5 million barrels – but by passing out the oil producing job to four US companies, Shell and Italy's ENI in 1958 it has been possible for the republic to become almost self-sufficient.

JAPAN: *Ikeda's "Low-Posture"*

★ The effort of the Japan Socialist Party to dredge up a popular issue in an otherwise dull general election campaign has led them to blame the mine and railway disasters on Prime Minister Ikeda, a maneuver which might at first seem fantastic if it were not by this time

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so pat. For the Socialists have been unable to develop any sort of real parliamentary opposition to Ikeda's Liberal Democrats, and consequently they are left outside the political framework to make small, bizarre noises. Partly because of this lack of opposition, and partly because Ikeda has chosen his time shrewdly, the Liberal Democrats are favored to widen their large lead in parliament during voting this week. The economy is healthy, farmers have reaped a bumper crop.

The contrast between the crisp, placid November climate of Japan under Ikeda and the tumultuous demonstrations that signalled the end of the Nobusuke Kishi cabinet three and a half years earlier is striking. In the Kishi days, foreign affairs was a subject of major controversy, public opinion split sharply over whether or not to accept a new security treaty giving the US bases in Japan for 10 more years; the government had to request a humiliating last-minute cancellation of President Eisenhower's projected visit. Today six American cabinet members headed by Mr. Rusk, confident that Ikeda will win, are calmly planning to visit their Japanese counterparts in Tokyo four days after the election. Yet no Japanese accuses Americans of showing favoritism to Ikeda, as previously they had accused Washington of favoring Kishi.

Much of the credit for the new atmosphere goes to Ikeda who gathered around him a group of younger conservatives who helped develop the "low posture" policy of patience and tolerance toward the Socialists. Shortly after election, Ikeda had assured the Socialists that he has no intention of revising the constitution so as to permit open rearmament. (The present constitution forbids armed forces, but the government maintains volunteer "self-defense" units.) On the economic side, he has pursued an ambitious plan to double the national income in 10 years. The test ban treaty, of course, has helped him to further defuse the Socialists, who now are badly split, not only between pro-Peking and pro-Moscow factions but also because of a more general breakup of sympathies between themselves and the Communists.

On domestic issues, Ikeda can point to an impressive rise in gross national product from $34.7 billion in 1959 to an estimated $58.3 billion this year. On a per capita basis, income has increased 34 percent in real terms while prices have risen 23 percent.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA: *Davy Rides Again*

★ African nationalists in Southern Rhodesia are badly split and the divorce is hurting everybody, because both factional leaders are escalating their political demands. Reverend Ndabaninghi Sithole, current head of the country's African party, the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) said last year he wanted a timetable leading to an African majority in the legislature within five years; he was obviously prepared to bargain and there was talk of 1970 as the target date. This is about the period this advanced country, with a quarter-million whites who have been self-governing since 1923, needs for a smooth transfer of power. But now the ousted ZANU leader Joshua Nkomo, a flabby, incompetent politician who wears Davy Crockett hats and has tremendous illiterate appeal, is making a comeback with the masses. Sithole is having to match Nkomo's intemperate demands for African government "now" by putting his deadline at two years.

Premier Winston Field, who stands to the Left of his reactionary cabinet, has been told by Britain's Central African Affairs Minister Richard Butler he can only have independence if he makes his regime acceptable to colored Commonweath nations like India or Nigeria: this means Field must convince his colleagues to up African representation in the legislature from 15 seats out of 65 to 26 out of 76 (enough to block retrograde constitutional legislation, which requires a two-thirds vote). Under the present voting rules this would lead to African government in about 10 years.

Britain is also insisting on repeal of the Land Apportionment Act (which zones residences and businesses, and restricts African farmers to the second-best land), and is urging the appointment of African ministers and the passage of laws outlawing discrimination.

The parliamentary Opposition, the Rhodesian National Party, has decided not to draft Sir Roy Welensky when his job as federal premier ends with the death of the Federation on New Year's Eve. Liberal Sir Edgar Whitehead, whose best claim for votes is that he could negotiate independence from London more easily than anyone else, will continue to head the Opposition ticket. This gives the incumbent Field elbow room with his ultras, since short of splitting their Rhodesian Front they have no other party to join. Shorn of the burden of the Welensky image, the National Party is cautiously but genuinely interracial, has 14 Africans among its 29 legislators and in the vacuum created by the nationalist split is reaping more African support.

Southern Rhodesia's 3.7 million Africans – 94 percent of the population – still lack a meaningful leader. The most impressive African is Josiah Chinamano, who shuns the sterile power-feuds and devotes most of his time to a cooperative supermarket and a 1,400-pupil community school, both founded by him.

The nationalist movement is still suffering from the legacy of Nkomo, who left Africans vulnerable by going along with the idea of defederation and, by boycotting the last elections, in which he would have won 15 seats, lost a precious opportunity to campaign behind the shield of parliamentary immunity.

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INDONESIA HOPES TO DESTROY MALAYSIA, BUT CAN IT?

Sukarno Leads from Weakness

Djakarta, Indonesia

It is said in President Sukarno's entourage that when he is in a confiding mood he likes to conjure up visions of a powerful nation of 120 to 150 million Malayans, capable of sweeping away the last traces of Western influence in Southeast Asia, of counterbalancing Red China's expansionist tendencies, and at the same time getting rid of the Chinese overseas minority groups which are a sore spot in an ailing national economy.

This dream does not seem so inconceivable. Preliminary steps toward its realization were actually taken at the Manila summit meeting held early last August between President Sukarno, President Diosdado Macapagal of the Philippines, and Tunku (Prince) Abdul Rahman, then prime minister of the Malayan Federation (Malaya) and today head of the Federal Government of Malaysia (Greater Malaya).

In a rush of warm feeling, the three statesmen tossed together the basis for a regional organization which was promptly given the euphonious name of *Maphilindo* (abbreviation for Malaya-Philippines-Indonesia). This beautiful understanding, this *spirit of Maphilindo* as Sukarno liked to call it in all his press conferences, lasted no more than a month.

On the 16th of September the birth of Malaysia was solemnly proclaimed, and the first act of the new federal government was to break off diplomatic relations with its two *Maphilindo* partners who refused to recognize it. Riotous street demonstrations thereon erupted in Djakarta. On the fourth day, the Embassy of Great Britain, powerful protectress of the young Malaysian nation, was assaulted, sacked and put to the torch. London evacuated its nationals. The Indonesian army was put on a war footing.

Then the storm died down. The Indonesian government disclaimed any responsibility for the Djakarta demonstrations, although its army and its police force had sat idly by while the mobs raged through the streets. England received the apologies and assurances it demanded. Nevertheless, Sukarno continues to proclaim his firm intention of destroying by all possible means the "neo-colonialist plot" which made the creation of Malaysia possible. But the choice may not be his. Sukarno's revolution, which has been going on since 1949, looks as though it were dying on its feet.

Socially, class inequalities are just as marked as during the era of Dutch rule. Economically, the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. Politically, chaos is growing more alarming each day and in order to stay in power President Sukarno has been reduced to performing a precarious balancing act between the only two consistently potent forces in the Nation: the army, under General Nasution, his minister of defense; and the PKI, Mr. Aidit's Communist Party.

The Indonesian army is undeniably the most powerful military force in Southeast Asia; it numbers 350,000 men and, thanks to Soviet aid, is provided with ultramodern equipment.

The PKI practically controls the votes of 25 percent of the population (95 million inhabitants). If one disregards the Iron Curtain countries this party, with its membership of two million, is the largest Communist Party group in the world. Its leaders have openly declared their allegiance to Peking in the current Sino-Soviet dispute.

The army makes no secret of the fact that it is prepared to take over power at any time in order to block the Communists. The least slip on the latter's part would serve as a pretext for action. But the advent of a military regime would be a temporary makeshift, at best. The Indonesian army is a people's type of army. In the absence of funds to build barracks, it is housed outside the big cities in "kampong" villages, in direct contact with the local people and correspondingly sensitive to the latter's recriminations. The Communist Party is already engaged in an effective campaign to sap and undermine it.

Indonesia has completely exhausted its foreign currency reserves. At present the country owes the Soviet Union a billion dollars and twice this amount to the United States. Henceforth Indonesia is supposed to reimburse Moscow at the rate of $100 million a year. It must raise $400 million between now and the end of the year to prevent the government's going bankrupt.

Last year agricultural production fell to slightly below 50 percent of the 1939 figures. Most of the factories are working at less than 30 percent of capacity. Seventy percent of Indonesia's automotive vehicles are immobilized for lack of tires or spare parts. Railway accidents are increasing alarmingly because of the scarcity of equipment. Several lines had to close down during this past summer.

And yet . . . when Washington recently agreed to grant the Indonesian government an additional loan of $17 million for emergency purchase of spare parts for

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certain paralyzed industries, the government promptly placed an order, in an equivalent amount, for three Coronado 990 jet transport planes for its national airline. The ultra-modern Indonesian Hotel in Djakarta, where the foreign transient visitor is automatically taken when he arrives in the airport, is one of the most sumptuous in the world. The price per day of the room I have just occupied there represented a little over six times the monthly income of an Indonesian laborer.

Six hundred meters away, Djakarta's three million inhabitants have no electricity, must make do with acetylene lamps or even candles, live almost without water, and have watched the cost of food increase by an average of 10 percent per month ever since the beginning of the year.

These are the main reasons why President Sukarno so furiously opposes Malaysia. For if the new federation of "Greater Malaya" solves its internal political and ethnic problems, it can rapidly become a prosperous nation through Great Britain's aid, and as such would constitute a brilliant demonstration of the failure of Sukarno's doctrines. The success of Malaysia would, in effect, be tangible proof that the best solution for the development of new, recently independent Asiatic countries is to maintain and safeguard harmonious relations with the former colonial power – a prospect that is unacceptable to the great Indonesian leader and one he is prepared to use the most desperate means to prevent. His resources for gaining his ends are, however, rather limited.

Of course in comparison with the tiny Malaysian army – 15,000 infantry and 20,000 police who have had paramilitary training, no military planes, no navy – the military power of Sukarno is considerable. In addition to actual troops, the Indonesian forces are supported by approximately 100 jet combat planes (Soviet) and several ultra-modern naval units (including several submarines of Russian manufacture). But any direct aggression against Malaysia on Indonesia's part would automatically unleash British intervention, for Great Britain has unequivocally committed herself to defend the integrity of the new federation's territory.

The breaking off of trade relations between Indonesia and "Greater Malaya," decreed on September 21 by President Sukarno in a further irrational gesture of fury, is not a very effective weapon either. In the first place it will harm Djakarta much more than Kuala Lumpur. Eighty percent of Indonesia's foreign trade is handled through Singapore; and secondly, at least 30 percent of this trade is in the form of smuggling between Sumatra and Singapore, thus eluding control of the government.

Sukarno's only real trump card is to aim at subverting Malaysia's vulnerable Sarawak and Sabah (North Borneo), which constitute ideal terrain for an undeclared war. There, a few handfuls of guerrillas judiciously slipped over the boundary can singlehandedly impose a very heavy burden on Kuala Lumpur's budget and threaten to unbalance it. In the territory of Sarawak alone, 6,000 British troops are already needed to pursue an elusive enemy through the jungle. How many will be needed tomorrow?

The birth of Malaysia was heralded in the West as the promise of a stabilizing factor for all of Southeast Asia. As matters have turned out, it has not fulfilled this promise at all, but instead is proving to be for all intents and purposes a *second front* which is extremely dangerous to Western policies in a region where the SEATO's defensive system has already evidenced its weakness.

There is no longer doubt that the risky game Sukarno is playing might very soon profit Peking alone. This should cause Washington and Moscow to alter their policy of trying to outbid one another in the matter of economic aid to Indonesia. Malaysia's fate will in reality be decided far less by London than by what is said between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev.

JACQUES JACQUET-FRANCILLON

On Putting Detente to Good Use

Today, as in the past, the climate of international relations is determined exclusively by Moscow's leaders. When it suits their wishes to have a period of détente, they always succeed because the West is incapable of turning down any Russian overtures to hold conversations, or of responding to Khrushchev's cordiality with anything less than even greater warmth. Hence, it would be no paradox to define détente as simply the particular brand of Soviet diplomacy at a given moment. If we adopt this definition, the present détente is an undeniable reality, since Mr. "K" has so decided.

If we look beyond this undeniable but rather uninteresting fact, two questions arise. One has to do with the long-range goals of Moscow and with the context

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within which Communist strategy is being deployed. The other concerns the present or the near future: has the international situation been changed by the official proclamation of détente and by the Moscow Treaty which, so far, is the only expression of this détente?

The Moscow Treaty gave the Soviet Union maximum gains at the least possible cost. It provided Russia with an effective argument against the People's Republic of China at a time when a reconciliation between these two poles of Communism was out of the question, at least for the moment. The Treaty also permitted Russia to give satisfaction to President Kennedy who since 1961 has sought vainly to bring about a nuclear test-ban treaty, and this satisfaction is more dangerous to the cohesion of the Atlantic alliance than to that of the Soviet bloc, at least in Europe.

Indeed, the Moscow Treaty could not help but increase tension between Washington and Paris. As soon as France launched her program of producing nuclear weapons, a test-ban treaty had inevitably to be viewed by the Paris government as a rather unfriendly action, since its intent is explicitly to slow up or prevent the dissemination of such weapons. Finally and above all, the deeper causes of tension in Europe will continue to exist in any case; and a rapprochement between Washington and Moscow tends to point up the deep differences among the Western nations, especially between those in Bonn who cannot accept the *status quo* and those in Washington, London and Paris who would not find it too hard to resign themselves to it.

Since 1946, the official policy of the West in Europe has been based on two premises which are likely to be self-contradictory in the long run: the first is that the territorial status of the old Europe should not be recognized because the East Europeans are entitled to decide their own destinies, and peace cannot be stable so long as Germany and Berlin remain divided; the second is that the use of force to change the *status quo* is out of the question. This principle of not resorting to force was solemnly consecrated by the passive stand of the West during the Hungarian uprising of 1956. The non-recognition of the *status quo* is becoming increasingly difficult to maintain with each succeeding year.

Theoretically, there are two opposite schools of thought within the Western camp. According to the first, which appears to be the dominant one in London, a rigid attitude makes it impossible for the Germans to achieve their objectives. As the tension increases, the two military blocs come in direct conflict in Central Europe with increasing sharpness, and the Soviet Union is correspondingly less and less willing to accept the reunification of Germany. The West has neither the means nor the will to coerce Moscow, and those who oppose détente in the interests of a united Germany are reducing the already slight chance for reunification.

The other school of thought would like the West to continue pushing its claims aggressively and uncompromisingly, and to reject any measures, such as the introduction of observers on both sides of the dividing line in Europe who, under the pretext of reducing the hazards, would actually constitute a step toward recognizing the *status quo*.

The fact is that there is now no Western policy which would lead toward the reunification of Germany, and it is difficult to say just which country or which leader most sincerely favors this goal, since statesmen, whether intransigent or flexible, sometimes have hidden motives exactly the opposite of the objectives they officially proclaim. In the diplomatic game being played in the West, West Germany holds the key position. It is the Federal Republic which simultaneously most fears an American-Russian agreement and also most needs American protection. By remaining aloof from the conversations between Gromyko, Lord Home and Dean Rusk, the French government inevitably strengthens the feeling in West Germany that a truly European policy, less subordinate to Washington, would favor Germany's aspirations more. At the same time, France puts a brake on the Anglo-American quest for further agreements with Moscow, to the extent that such agreements would be interpreted in Bonn as crystallizing the *status quo* and would strengthen the partisans of the Gaullist line.

Disregarding this intra-Western diplomatic contest, it seems to me that the real problem is not so much to choose between intransigence and flexibility as to decide on the favorable moment for negotiation. There is no point in mutual accusations of adjustment to the *status quo* when in fact everyone accepts it for the time being because no one can change it. The West would do better to consider, first, how best to avoid a policy of recognition, toward which it is being pushed by the temptation of inertia and the weight of things as they are; and second, the conditions under which détente could lead to fruitful negotiations.

Everyone agrees on one thing: the reunification of Germany and of Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals both require a profound transformation of Soviet Russia. But there are no indications that such a change has taken place. So why further conversations, the negative results of which can be predicted? Would not American diplomacy be better off to bear more closely in mind that tension will continue to exist in Europe so long as the causes – the partition of Germany and of Berlin – have not been eliminated?

For Khrushchev, tension and détente alike are simply means to unchanging ends. The West should not turn its back on détente; nevertheless, it should not accept détente passively.

RAYMOND ARON

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Mr. Lincoln Also Spoke

Somehow I have always had a fellow-feeling for that surprised photographer at Gettysburg, 100 years ago, who found the President's speech so short that he didn't get the picture. All we have is a jumble of stovepipe hats of which the tallest may be Lincoln's.

Every modern reporter must dream of covering that event. Of course the focus was on Edward Everett, the most famous orator of his day – Massachusetts Senator, Governor and Harvard president – who was the main attraction. The President was there merely as a kind of stage prop to give dignity to the scene and maybe add a few words of his own.

Out of curiosity the other day I looked up the coverage by the *New York Daily Tribune* and the *New York Times*. There is some evidence that the two accounts were written by the same man for similar phrases and comments occur. My guess is that he was on the payroll of the *Tribune*, and that journalism being what it was (and is) he turned an honest penny by sharing his findings with the *Times* or else they cribbed it. I think the reporter was on the *Trib* because on November 21, two days after the event he writes another story about his difficulties in getting down to the ceremony.

The ceremony was for Friday, November 19th, and our man left Manhattan Tuesday, on the New Jersey Central, "taking cars at 6 a.m." (He must have got up at a really ghoulish hour to get over the Hudson ferry in time for that departure.)

"After some seven hours riding over four different roads, without change of cars," he explains, "we reached the capital of the state [Harrisburg], where we were obliged to exchange our seats for the Northern Central Road, running from Harrisburg, Pa., to Baltimore, Md."

At first this threw me off, and I supposed our man had come down to Baltimore. But that would have been way out of his way, and I concluded that the Harrisburg-Baltimore reference was just an effort to identify the small line. A hundred years ago disconnected railroads must have been much like the segments of the Interstate Turnpike you find today: one wood-burning railway coming to an abrupt end, and the passenger felt lucky if another was around to pick him up.

At any rate, the *Tribune* reporter finally reached "Hanover Junction," a name not in my Rand-McNally Atlas, but doubtless in the neighborhood of York, Pa., 18 miles or so south of Harrisburg.

"At the Junction we vacated again our comfortably cushioned seats and after spending in the cold nearly two hours, some 300 passengers, of both sexes, were transferred to baggage cars on the Hanover Branch Road where, without either a fire or a light, we traveled for an hour, arriving at Hanover at 7 p.m."

With "300 passengers" it looks like a special party, very likely the official New York delegation. Anyway, you can see why our alert reporter had to start before the crack of dawn and a couple of days ahead of time, to reach his assignment.

The trip was now practically over. At Hanover, he says, "changing there for the third time," the party continued, and "an hour's more travel . . . and at 9 o'clock we had reached our destination." He was a gabby reporter (probably on space) and explains that "Gettysburg contains the bank, the academy, seven churches, one college and four newspaper offices." That was about all you needed to know about the place.

The eight-page *New York Times* of November 20 (Niblo's Garden was showing Edwin Forrest in Coriolanus; Barnum's American Museum was competing with Van Amburgh's circus and the Opera) told the Gettysburg story in its characteristic straightforward style, plunging right into the "eloquent" prayer of the Reverend Mr. Stocton on the front page, followed by mouth-watering morsels of Mr. Everett, and promising more of the latter on "our second page."

Everett, indeed, had got his text out in advance and it was already in type, hold-for-release. What a blessing such men are to journalists! His speech, in fact, took the *Times'* entire page 2, and about a sixth of page 3, as delivered at "Gettysburgh."

An Everett oration got the works editorially, too. The *Times* in a splashy lead editorial found it "classical and ornate in its diction, felicitous in illustration, well-wrought and strong in logic, correct and explicit in its statement. . . . His exordium is of great beauty and his peroration is splendid"; perhaps the speech was a bit "too minute and detailed," the editorial writer mentions as an afterthought. As a matter of fact, its delivery took two hours and four minutes, and when the great man finished, flushed and perspiring, friends threw a blanket over him, like a benched football player.

Lincoln spoke, too. Neither the editorial page of the *Times* nor *Tribune* mention the fact but fortunately what he said was so brief that they did manage to squeeze the text into print. So did small weeklies all over America. The photographer didn't get the picture, of course; he was still fiddling with his black cloth when the President finished.

How about the *Tribune* reporter who came all the way down from New York? Well, he got what he came for; he covered the main event. Mr. Lincoln also spoke.

RICHARD LEE STROUT

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Way Out West

An Interim Report on Barry Goldwater

by Gilbert A. Harrison

Phoenix

The townsfolk have gathered on the athletic field of Madison High School. It is homecoming for the Senator. We stand for the posting of the colors. The Baptist minister prays that "we experience a refreshment of our parched morality" (a few drops fall). We then pledge allegiance to the flag (still stumbling over "under God"), after which the moderator, "Colonel Jim," introduces Republican Congressman John Rhodes – "a man who has bought integrity [laughter] *brought* integrity to his office." There's not much Congressman Rhodes can report (except that "it *isn't* going to rain"), because "not much has been done in Washington lately," though he will say this: "We're now giving foreign aid to Russians" (the wheat sale?). But *that* sort of thing will stop after the next election, because people aren't going to "swallow that sophisticated mush." (They're not going to swallow Rhodes as a weather forecaster either. When at last, "the next President of the United States" is introduced, he says: "I don't know what's falling on me, but it's wet.")

The Senator speaks of the Central Arizona project. (Federal price tag – $1.1 billion.) It isn't right to lean on Washington, but Arizona must have water. He too finds little to report from Washington, but it's not what Congress does, it's what it doesn't do that helps. Taxes are too high; there's too much federal spending and not enough letting the people "keep their money"; it's improper for the President to by-pass the Senate in banning nuclear weapons in space; we shouldn't let an outside power (the United Nations) decide things for Americans. All this is "typical of the distrust this Administration places in our constitutional form of government." The audience applauds approvingly.

A young man asks what the Senator would do about the price of gold. Well, that's not "something we should rush into," because there are no "pat" answers. A lady wonders about NATO; Mr. Goldwater suggests that "if we could give the NATO command the right to decide when to use nuclear weapons, we could bring a third to half of our troops home." (No one seems surprised at this radical proposal to modify our concept of civilian control of the military, not to mention US commitments to West Germany.)

Disarmament? It was Goldwater who introduced "a harmless amendment" to the bill setting up the Arms Control Agency – "it wouldn't have allowed the agency any money" [laughter]. The fact is, "we're in the process of unilateral disarmament."

(Congressman Rhodes surrenders and covers his head, as do several local Republican dignitaries on the

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platform. Not Barry: "An umbrella is a symbol of Munich, and I'm darned if I'm going to use one.")

Will He, Won't He?

"The politicians have been depreciating the ordinary citizen so much that they don't know a grass-roots movement when they see it. They won't know what happened to them when Goldwater clobbers Kennedy. People are seeing through this double-talk. You talk straight Americanism and you have 9 out of 10 Americans agreeing with you." – EVAN MECHAN, former car dealer, former State Senator from Maricopa County (Phoenix), former Republican candidate for the US Senate (1962), now publisher of a right-wing tabloid in Phoenix, *The Evening American*.

Shortly before the 1960 election, Barry Goldwater told reporters he would "not hesitate to submit in 1964 for the Presidential nomination" should Nixon be defeated. Today the voices urging him to run are, as he says, "coming through kind of clear." He "wouldn't mind taking on Jack, it might be fun." One reputed ghost writer of *The Conscience of a Conservative*, Stephen Shadegg, has no doubt that Goldwater will be nominated and "can win in 1964." Why? "The American people are fed up with the vacillation of the Kennedy regime [usually referred to as "the dynasty"] and are deeply disturbed over the pitfalls of the test-ban treaty, and now the resumption of trade with Russia."

The leaflet of the National Draft-Goldwater Committee offers other explanations: "Goldwater will carry the traditional Republican states – then sweep the South for a smashing Republican victory in 1964!!!! His fight for a strong, fiscally sound America, his courageous defense of Republican principles, his rugged good looks, and his attractive wife and handsome, wholesome family, all combine to make Barry Goldwater *the Republican opportunity to win in 1964*." (The accent on the wholesome is a trademark of the Goldwater campaign.)

The paraphernalia of a national crusade is being assembled. A brain trust (conservative) is briefing the candidate; an electric card-punch machine is recording all his statements so that the Senator can prepare his defense. He has brought Denison Kitchel, a fellow-author, Harvard Law School graduate and Phoenix attorney, to Washington as his national campaign manager. Mr. Kitchel's book, *Too Grave a Risk*, argues that since there is no such thing as international law, and the World Court is "an international tribunal on which two representatives of international Communism sit as judges," we must not permit it to decide matters in which the US has an interest.

I have no reason to doubt that, in the words of one of his best friends, Harry Rosenzweig, Goldwater has decided to "go for the bundle in 1964." "We're not going to wait," this Phoenix jeweler adds, "and by the time Kennedy gets through with this civil rights thing . . . I hate to win on that basis . . . but. . . ." The "but" refers to the hope that Mr. Kennedy has alienated not only white Southerners, but numerous upper- and middle-class whites in the North. "We're not going to get the Negro vote as a bloc in 1964 or 1968," the candidate says, "so we ought to go hunt where the ducks are." (The principle in this instance is constitutional government, as interpreted by the Attorney General of Alabama, and understood by all the ducks that were startled and are kept aloft in the target area by the Supreme Court's integration decisions.)

An astute Republican politician, recently returned from a tour of the country during which he had talked with many of the party leaders, is sure Goldwater cannot be denied the nomination in '64 for a single reason: If he is rejected, "thousands of party workers are going to sit on their hands. The rank and file is saying: 'Brother, you either nominate Goldwater this time, or you aren't going to have an organization'." The man speaking was Richard Kleindienst, graduate of one of the best law schools in the country, successful Phoenix attorney and former chairman of the party in Arizona. We were sitting by the swimming pool outside his attractive home. Was his certainty, I wondered, based only on an opinion that "the high command will be overwhelmed by the little guy who does the precinct work?" He thought that one over. No. "Barry's election is so necessary for the preservation of Christian civilization, the Lord is going to see that he wins."

That Lord whose ways are mysterious has yet to speak, but Republican workers in the border and Rocky Mountain states are speaking, because they believe no man at the top of the ticket except Goldwater could increase the number of Governors and Senators and Representatives from their areas.

Time for a Change?

An Associated Press poll in early November of 1,404 Republican state and county leaders showed 85.1 percent choosing Goldwater as their "strongest candidate." Will success spoil the front-runner? Is he already "moving away from the Far Right and toward Moderate Center," as Walter Lippmann says? No candidate runs to lose; and Goldwater said privately that "you don't win elections in your own party, you have to have Democratic support." Still, I am not persuaded that a new Goldwater is in the making. It takes a very strong will to conquer the habits of a lifetime. We have the example of Richard Nixon whose head told him to be "the New Nixon" while his muscle memory kept driv-

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ing him back to the old one. And Goldwater is no Eisenhower, coming to a nominating convention with no political past. He is a partial captive as well as custodian of a 12-year record in the Senate and on the stump, as well as of his most impassioned followers. (If one wishes to go back further, Goldwater headed a merchants committee in 1946 that fought against repeal of the right-to-work law in Arizona. In the New Deal era he wrote letters to the editor protesting spending.) No substantial change in outlook would be in keeping with his character or the image his most energetic supporters have of him.

Some minor adjustments (new pressures, new knowledge) are, of course, inevitable. Having voted against the Peace Corps, he now finds good in it. He still favors selling TVA, but he may discover it shouldn't be done right away – or even at all. He has softened his views on a graduated income tax. He has come to oppose a national right-to-work law though he still favors state right-to-work laws. He has prepared the way for retreat: "There would be something wrong with any man in public life who didn't change some of his ideas to meet the developments of the time. Consistency is not necessarily a virtue." On the whole, however, and with the exception of "some minor little changes" that he admits, Goldwater has not "changed [his] stand on any fundamental issue, and I don't intend to." Even for Rockefeller.

"Maybe Barry *is* a little more careful about alienating people by making remarks," Evan Mechan says, "but that's just a mark of a more sophisticated politician." The "more sophisticated politician" now says he might permit the Attorney General, under certain circumstances, to enforce the Supreme Court decree on school desegregation; he has yet to abandon his earlier judgment that that decision is not "the law of the land." He may still "believe in free trade" (Goldwater, 1963), but he has not gone back on his statement (1958) that, "We Republicans have fallen down in our historic duty to protect American producers."

In support of the Lippmann pull-to-the-middle thesis, Goldwater did work in '52 to get four Arizona delegates committed to Ike rather than Taft, something one of the men who helped now regrets: "We did it," he says, because "we were desperate to elect a Republican President," and concluded too late that Taft could have won. In his own '52 Senatorial campaign, Goldwater paid reluctant tribute to certain features of the New Deal and said that, "No responsible Republican . . . has any intent or desire to abolish any one of them." But that was an Eisenhower year, and Mr. Goldwater has not been heard to express similar sentiments since. His first Senate vote was against confirming Eisenhower's nominee as Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Is it a sign of "mellowing" that Goldwater now emphasizes the need to unite the Republicans? On that ground he refuses to debate Rockefeller: "We can't afford the luxury of an intraparty fight. We can't afford to say we won't vote for a candidate because he's not liberal enough or conservative enough. They are Republicans." I find the explanation I heard in Arizona more plausible: "Barry doesn't need to debate Rocky; he's ahead."

Some weeks ago, Goldwater reprimanded the cocky right-wing President of the Young Republicans of California for having made nasty remarks about Democrats. Was this a repudiation of the extreme Right? It was a repudiation of politically embarrassing clumsiness. The Senator has not publicly changed his mind that the John Birchers are "the kind we need in politics," or that "there is no Democratic Party left in this country"; in its place there is a "group of people – I don't know what you call them – Socialists, Fabians, left-wingers."

How *does* Goldwater really feel about "the idiots" (his term) who march among those who follow his banner? I was told he is genuinely worried by them. (Some of them may be beginning to worry about him too. A leading Louisiana Birchite and editor of *The Independent American* wrote last October 25 that "Senator Goldwater does not appear to be a man who is receptive to any advice which conflicts with his sense of 'party loyalty'. . . . What is so disturbing is that there is no actual need for any compromise to be made by Goldwater to the Eastern kingmakers in the Republican Party. They need him, he doesn't need them!")

If the candidate is not worried by the extremists on the Right, he is overvaluing the domestic tranquility to be expected from living the next 12 months with them. For the wilder of his supporters are the kind who spit on their opponents. It is therefore a question of some importance what part members of the John Birch Society have in this campaign or would have in a Goldwater Administration. "I personally," the head of the Society, Robert Welch, wrote in *The Blue Book*, "have been for Goldwater for President, for any great office." But Senator Goldwater told *US News and World Report* on September 2, 1963, in answer to the question: "Is Mr. Welch now a supporter of yours?" – "No, he's not." Stephen Shadegg says he doesn't "know of any member of the John Birch Society who's close to Goldwater." But Senator Goldwater says that "some of the finest people I know in Phoenix are members of the Society."

The best guess is that between now and the nominating convention, Goldwater will keep as aloof as he can from the "kooks," without disowning them. He will be able to do that, one of his friends told me, because "the Birchers are not going to fall away. No matter how moderate Barry becomes, they'll think that 'he has to say that to get elected' – and they'll forgive him. You

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know, even a small dog has fleas."

It won't be easy for Goldwater to swing toward the middle. The pull from his most militant troops – even those who, like him, criticize Welch – is all the other way. Moreover, there are so many contradictions to be resolved. For example, if he does leave "welfare" up to the states, what happens to state budgets – or to welfare? (The debt of welfare-shy Arizona, with all the federal government does, has gone up 402 percent since 1942.) Another dilemma: Mr. Goldwater wants no "me too" party; let there be a choice, he says, between "conservatism" and the "socialism" of the Democratic Party. If he sticks to that – and he has for 12 years or more – what of Walter Lippmann's thesis that as an "ambitious politician," Goldwater will move toward the Center? And if he does move far enough in that direction to mollify Rockefeller Republicans and enough Democrats, what will be the effect on the guardians of the flame – those whose burning resolve is to "have it out" at last along clear-cut lines of battle?

Principle and Good Deeds

"Moral principles are pretty good things – for the young and those not well-grounded in goodness. . . . But 'spirits of purer fire' prefer to decide each question as it comes up, and to act on the merits of the case, unbound and unpledged. With a quick intelligence, a capable conscience and a habit of doing right automatically one has little need to burden one's mind and memory with a set of solemn principles formulated by owlish philosophers who do not happen to know that what is right is merely what, in the long run and with regard to the greater number of cases, is expedient."

– AMBROSE BIERCE

John F. Kennedy is respected by *his* associates; Adlai Stevenson is admired by his followers; Barry Goldwater is loved by his friends, as much for his person as for the principles he so often mentions. "Surely," I asked one of the old Phoenix gang, "this man isn't Christ; he must have a fault?" "Well," came the reply, "there was the Second Coming." The intention was not irreverent. Goldwater evokes loyalty of a warmth, and sturdiness I have rarely observed in politics. Converse with some of his friends and you get a touch of amiable envy, too: "He does everything better than I do," a Phoenix professional man says, "dances better, takes better pictures, speaks better. The only thing he wasn't better at was schooling." (That is not too damaging. The philosopher of the conservative movement, Russell Kirk, writes in the *National Review* that although Goldwater is no scholar, "he does indeed have a good mind." Or as an Arizonan said: "There is such a thing as being over-intellectual.")

Goldwater's admirers angrily reject the charge that their candidate is hooked to the past. He is not, they say, a romantic, he's a do-er. They remind one that "when he was in the department store, he instituted profit-sharing and a pension plan for employees." ("Back to the store in '64," the Democrats reply.) They point out that when Goldwater was on the Phoenix City Council in 1950, he led a movement to desegregate the Phoenix airport restaurant, and worked to desegregate Phoenix theaters. (He once contributed to the NAACP, but appears to have dropped away in 1956.) The main thing about Barry, a boyhood buddy believes, is that "he's the kind of a man who says 'I want no deals, I want to go in clean and pick the people who are best'." These people see him as a non-politician (though shrewd), courageous (though tolerant), firm (though not hot-tempered), decisive (though not an "extremist"). "Barry really believes," one told me, "that this is the land of the free and the home of the brave, or it would be if we'd stop depending on Washington, and if we'd stand up and let the world know we aren't going to tolerate Communism anywhere."

One hears of the $1,000 Goldwater donation to the new art museum in Phoenix, of handouts to folks in need, of a flying trip to bring an ailing Navaho to a hospital, of gifts to numerous civic enterprises – including churches, though Goldwater is "not a regular church attender." It is gospel that "he has no enemies." And that he is honest: "It takes an honest man to say, as Barry has, 'I've got more ghosts than I can count'."

Public life began for Goldwater at 40, and the beginning, in 1949, was an accident. He was drafted at the last minute to run on the Reform City Council ticket in Phoenix. Before that, Goldwater was just another popular merchant, a well-known man-about-town. Earlier still, he had been bored by books and was sent off to Staunton Military Academy in Virginia where he was a good cadet; but according to his military commander, "There were times when we thought we would never get him through this school." He was then, according to *Time*, a "bourgeois Huck Finn [who] never wore shoes regularly until high school and amused himself at dinner by tossing butter pats at the ceiling." After Staunton, he spent one year at the University of Arizona. Of his departure, Stephen Shadegg says in *Barry Goldwater – Freedom Is His Flight Plan:* "The family now says Barry left school immediately following his father's death to come home and shoulder a portion of responsibility in the store. This is probably more fiction than fact. The store was under the capable management of Sam Wilson, who had been with the organization since 1909. Sam was far more qualified to steer the store through the difficult days of the depression than ex-

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college freshman, Barry."

"He was a playboy," recalls someone from those days, "in the Phoenix sense, not the New York sense." But a playboy with a number of hobbies. He became one of the best amateur photographers in Arizona and a collector of Indian lore. He liked cars, guns, golf, airplanes. He also displayed a flair for merchandising when he went to work in his father's department store (*Goldwater's* has since been sold to the Associated Dry Goods Company), instituting a national mail order business and designing and publicizing "Antsy Pants" – men's undershorts decorated with red ants.

The Goldwaters were not rich in the Rockefeller way, but by Arizona standards they were very well off. Barry was "never denied anything in his youth." All kinds of kids from the neighborhood tramped in and out of the Goldwater house, friends remember: "Mrs. Goldwater [she was the Episcopalian] took the kids shooting, fishing, camping. [Years later he explored the state and ran the rapids of the Colorado River.] It was a permissive atmosphere. Barry's mother instilled in the children two things: patriotism and freedom for the individual." She was a sort of rebel – the first woman to wear knickers on a Phoenix golf course.

Barry had the first car radio in Arizona, which he built himself. "There was a radio station near the old Goldwater home, and Barry would go over there and fool around . . . he was always messing with gadgets." He still is. "For months," the Senator's wife told Eleanor Harris of *American Weekly* (July 23, 1961), "he's been wrestling with a motor that will raise and lower the flag on the flagpole to the music of 'Reveille' and 'Taps', played over the pool's loud speaker."

It has become legendary that Barry's political inspiration was Uncle Morris, a successful businessman who was many times mayor of Prescott and a conservative ("Jeffersonian") Democrat. Uncle Morris had helped to organize a bank to get the railroads into Arizona. (He refused to accept complimentary passes.) He was against prohibition, and just as strongly for women's suffrage. Although there was no synagogue in Prescott in his day, a "mezuzah" was found among his effects at the time of his death, I was told. The *Prescott Evening Courier* of April 10, 1922, noted: "There have been two outstanding achievements of Mayor Goldwater's present terms. One has been economy, and resulting holding down of taxes, and the other a liberal expansion of civic improvement." Morris Goldwater is remembered as a proponent of volunteer fire companies and a leader of the militia. He got streets paved in Prescott, built a new courthouse as well as a statue to "Bucky" O'Neill – his populist political foe.

I mention the past because it is so much a part of Barry Goldwater's present. In Maine two years ago, he ended his speech with a tale about his grandfather and father, who, while crossing the Colorado River, had been attacked by Indians: "With courage and fortitude they got across and went on to found a successful business. How do you suppose they ever did it without government aid?"

What has any of this to do with being qualified to be President of the United States? It is too bad that the question is so academic. "Maybe Barry doesn't know everything," Harry Rosenzweig admits, "but he's as well qualified as others in the past." And another, more experienced in politics, adds: "Barry appeals to both men and women; his appeal is personal, animal, sexual, magnetic. It has nothing to do with facts or issues." Which is why the man who made this remark thinks Goldwater can handle Kennedy in TV debate.

Let me sum up this special feeling about Goldwater as someone did who has known him for more than 45 years: "I'm not sure why Goldwater should be President but then, we're never sure about that with anyone. I remember Barry as a loner; when other boys were reading books, he'd be down in the basement tinkering. He was an immensely popular guy. He's always gone on the theory that every tub can sit on its own bottom. His mind is closed to weaknesses in people, and maybe that's his weakness. He just thinks America is America, right or wrong. You put together courage and love of country and it's very appealing.

"People are awful tired of things they don't understand; Barry tells them he knows right from wrong. Maybe he does. I remember one night about four years ago. He was very tired, and we talked, and suddenly I thought he really was a great man. I told my wife about it when I came home. I don't know why I thought that, I don't remember what he said, I just did."

There's conviction here. But what has this admirer of Goldwater in common with the rest of them – Kennedy-haters; ex-Communists; young executives enjoying the excitement of a safe, conventional rebellion; journalists who flail an "establishment" that keeps them out; ladies to whom East Coast hi-jinks are slightly sinful; businessmen whose ambitions to get richer is blocked by unions, regulations and taxes; workers or property owners who feel their security is threatened by pushy Negroes?

Arizona

Never have so many prospered so much and so quickly from the "Socialism" they say has enslaved them. Arizona is a monument to air-conditioning, irrigation and federal expenditure. (Its largest city, Phoenix, has slums; but no housing code; no urban renewal program, and very little public housing.) Here a rental agency will apologize for a car's not being air-conditioned; here a hotel bathroom has an infra-red lamp in the ceiling –

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Dibble, Dibble, Dibble

Q. Senator, your critics say you think in pure black and white terms and see no shade of gray. Do you consider this a sly insult to your mental processes?

A. I think it is an indication of the mental processes of those who say it. The truth is this: The answers to our problems are easy, but they are very hard to augment. The answers offered by the radical element in our government sound very complicated. But what have they solved? We still have a very big agricultural problem in this country. We have a terrible civil rights problem. The academic mind of the average radical can't understand simplification. The conservative answer is simple. Many answers can be black or white. In my years in business I learned that after you work on a problem long enough, the answers are very obvious. You do this or you do that. You don't dibble, dibble, dibble. This is one of my objections to our processes of thinking back here in Washington. We never get to the heart of the trouble.

– *From a copyrighted* On The Record *interview November 2, 1963, with correspondents of the* Washington Evening Star, Detroit News, Newark News, *and the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

in case the sun won't cooperate with the tourist trade. Who needs Washington? (Still, as Donald R. McNeill pointed out in the *Reporter* magazine, "In fiscal 1961, federal tax payments by Arizonans came to $351 million. At the same time, nearly $1 billion in federal funds flowed into the state.")

The land seems suspended in space, the people in time. A road sign along interstate Highway 69 going north out of Phoenix reads: "Communist slavery we deplore, Cuba free in '64." The new, divided highway (built by five percent state funds, 95 percent federal funds) stretches across the empty desert, suddenly marred by "Space Age Homes" adjacent to a handsome General Electric plant. (Arizona will get $40 million this year in federal grants for more highways.)

Arizona used to be the three C state – Cotton, Cattle and Copper – plus tourists. It still provides (with federal subsidy) more than half the nation's copper, but its cotton farmers with their irrigation and machinery (the hand-picking of cotton is rare) believe that, along with California, they could take over the US cotton market – without assistance from Washington.

The new thing, however, is manufacturing – electronic industries, General Motors, Motorola.

Away from Phoenix the sky is infinity. The flat, brown land climbs slowly up to the low cactus hills, beyond which are staggering cathedrals of red rock. One passes motels, trailer parks, a small plastics factory. Deer Valley, Dead Man's Wash, Wrangler's Roost, Squaw Creek, Aqua Fria River, Horse Thief Basin, Turkey Butte. You are out of one National Forest and into another before you know it. (Politics intrude; this is a part of that wilderness the Senator has voted to open to commercial exploitation.)

Goldwater stickers and station wagons go together. ("Bury Goldwater" bumper stickers are yet to come.) One climbs the ridge of mountains up to Flagstaff, 7,000 feet high, and Arizona State College – "Home of the Lumberjacks – welcome Mom and Dad." The road to Williams and Ashfork is bordered by pine forests.

In 1960 Arizona's population was 1,302,000 – 462,241 of whom were born there. Twelve percent of the land is privately owned, 44.63 percent is federal property; the rest of it is in Indian reservations or is state-owned. Arizona has fewer than 50,000 Negroes; Democrats still greatly outnumber Republicans in registration, but the Democratic Party has fallen on bad days. It's a leave-us-alone state – almost – and Goldwater reflects its mood. The rich and retired abound here. Large "retirement villages" are being developed, the biggest of which, *Green Valley*, is a $100 million deal. We are way out West – almost. Elderly gentlemen from Illinois ride golf carts in cowboy costumes.

Torch Bearer

"Main Street is the climax of civilization. . . . Such is our comfortable tradition and sure faith. Would he not betray himself an alien cynic who should otherwise portray Main Street, or distress the citizens by speculating whether there may not be other faiths?"

– SINCLAIR LEWIS

An unexpected comparison is made between Goldwater and Theodore Roosevelt. I heard it on three separate occasions, from friends of the Senator. Was not TR also an outdoor man, a man of the West (though raised in the East), a maverick, unafraid to challenge the established order in his own party, a bold patriot?

In *Why Not Victory?*, Goldwater strikes this note. Speaking of the war with Spain ("before we had apologists for foreign ideologies and Red-tinted dictators wielding influence on our newspapers and our Department of State"), he suggests that that "was a time when our patriotic fervor ran strong and undiluted. It was a time of national pride and absolute faith. It was a time ruled by the spirit of freedom and justice that have made this nation a beacon of liberty for the world. In the days of the Spanish American War, our spirit and patriotism were such that despite the shortcomings of our youth and unpreparedness, we took action. We won a great victory, and we liberated a people." (The

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sentiment recalls Mr. Hennessy's feelings about the charge up San Juan Hill. "We're a gr-reat people," he said. To which Mr. Dooley replied: "We ar're that. An' the' best iv it is, we know we ar're.")

To do justice to the analogy, Theodore Roosevelt did say: "We will have this war for the freedom of Cuba in spite of the timidity of the commercial interests," and TR did believe in "carrying a Big Stick." But he joined that to talking softly. And he wished to liberate Cubans from Spaniards, not Cubans.

The analogy is weak. The Progressive Party Platform on which TR ran in 1912 was called "Socialistic." The candidate stood for Big Government. He espoused national regulation of railroads, federal conservation of natural resources, federal protection of working women and children, stricter enforcement of the Sherman Antitrust Act, federal inspection of meat. Goldwater may be a Rough Rider, a Bull Mooser, never.

War Without War

What is conservative about someone who believes it is possible and desirable to turn an established order – in the United States or in Eastern Europe – on its head? Caution is a conservative characteristic; Goldwater is uncautious. Perspective is a Tory trait; it's missing in Goldwater. To illustrate, he doesn't seem able to appreciate that there are varieties of anti-Communism (and varieties of Marxism too), and that we cannot yet be sure which of them will have the greater staying power. There is no hint that he discerns differences in the inner-life or the evolution of different Communist or Socialist societies, or senses the responses appropriate to each. He doesn't notice either that the "free world" is not all that free, having in its backyard many varieties of flower and weed, as does the "Communist World"; or that neither the Soviet nor the American way of life is going to be *the* model for the inexperienced but proud nationalism of Black Africa, or for much of Latin America or Asia.

Yet Goldwater, misreading and misrepresenting reality, calls to that part of us which wants to believe our way is *the* way, which hopes against experience that somehow, by some exercise of will, all these unmanageable outbursts abroad can be brought under our control. His flaw is not that he senses that something has gone wrong, but that he does not know what it is. He would stop doing things; or he would do more than wisdom would sanction, reflecting too casually on the risks he would be running, or whether they are worth it, or whether they are likely to lead the country closer to the future he wishes for it.

I find in his admirers, and in Goldwater too, an almost perverse pride in the simplicity of his ideas. They, like he, are at the same time uncomplicated and confused; his own confusion calls to their's. I asked the mayor of Phoenix how he thought President Goldwater would get along with foreign nations. "Fine," he replied. "Barry's very friendly."

This, the conduct of foreign affairs, may be the rock on which Goldwater stumbles and is brought down; for however deeply Americans hate Communism, however much they suspect the value of foreign aid or trade with Communist states, however indifferent they may be to the opinion of foreigners, they want peace, and the polls show it. Goldwater's stand on many issues is popular, but not his opposition to the nuclear test-ban treaty.

Senator Cotton believes that Goldwater is "too prudent to risk nuclear war," but prudence is not a quality the candidate himself personifies. He claims that, "it is a vast over-simplification to say that anyone who does not want coexistence with international Communism advocates war," but that is beside the point; no one has accused him of advocating war. He is accused of not quite understanding how we are to avoid it.

One is told that if Goldwater were responsible for the conduct of our foreign affairs, he would be chastened by realities. We must accept this on faith, not on the evidence of anything said. For he wishes to "get back to the Eisenhower-Dulles doctrine of brinkmanship. . . ." The Dulles foreign policy was, of course, founded on the uncertain premise that if the Western democracies exert constant pressure, Communist governments will crumble from within, and would thus in a sense participate in their own liquidation. Goldwater, in 1963, could hardly mean that. If he doesn't, he must mean, and I think he does, that it is the mission of this country to compel that liquidation. "Providence," he has said, "has imposed upon us the task of leading the Free World's fight to stay free." I am not prepared to predict that Goldwater as President would not try to force the hand of Providence.

The objective is "Victory." What is victory? It is the downfall of Communism everywhere. And how is that to be brought about? "I think," one of his associates told me, "that Goldwater would have said to the Russians, 'Before I sign this treaty or sell you any wheat, you pull out of Cuba.' But he wouldn't say, 'You SOB, if you don't pull down the Berlin Wall, I'm going to war'." Cuba? "Goldwater would have said to Khrushchev, 'Get your ass out of there'."

But what about Communist Eastern Europe? Goldwater himself tells us he would be "prepared to undertake military operations against vulnerable Communist regimes," confronting the Soviet Union "with superior forces in the immediate vicinity of the uprising, and to compel a Soviet withdrawal." Would this mean war? A little war perhaps, but no more, for "an actual clash between American and Soviet armies would be unlike-

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ly"; the result would probably be "Soviet acceptance of the ultimatum." Why probably? Because we have the power to "make Russia change – we haven't made her change a darn thing." We could make her change by threatening to withdraw diplomatic recognition, for example. That is because Goldwater doesn't think "Russia can get along in this world without our recognition."

Not only can the US promote the liquidation of Communist regimes, it need not worry much about the aftermath: "We would not have to occupy China and Russia because the vast majority of the people in both these countries are not Communists. They will, with proper guidance, take care of their own freedom once they are released from the iron grip of Communist dictatorship. *But even if this weren't true* [italics added], the mere fact that victory would pose problems is not reason to submit to slavery."

So "victory" is possible if we vote out an Administration that is so "bent on accommodating the Communists," if we recognize that "at this moment in history, lessening of tensions is impossible," that there is nothing to be gained by any Summit meeting, that the only alternative in any part of the world is between Communists and anti-Communists. Encourage, arm every anti-Communist, whatever his credentials or motives, and we will get rid of this terrible "disease [that is] attacking and eating away at a human society and human freedom." For Senator Fulbright, who is reluctant to "commit American soldiers to a jungle war in Laos," the Senator has an answer: "Are there not free Chinese, Southern Vietnamese, South Koreans, Filipinos, and Japanese, who would fight if the US gave them backing?"

The words and the man don't match. The prose – to be blamed perhaps on his many ghosts – is messianic, rigid, cheerless; but the person is unpretentious, relaxed, and sometimes funny.

Yes, But . . .

General Eisenhower feels that Goldwater's views are "unclear." Does it matter? Think back to '52. Nonetheless, we are obliged to try to understand a candidate.

Let us try. In Phoenix on December 20, 1961, Goldwater had come to the "reluctant conclusion that the US no longer has a place in the United Nations. . . ." In October of this year, commenting on Governor Rockefeller's charge that he, Goldwater, would if President, take the US out of the UN, the Senator said, "I never said that." Goldwater has said that "the affairs of nations are determined – for good or evil – by *power*." Likewise, that "our strength is that we have been and are spiritual people." These are not marks of conscious inconsistency, it seems to me, but of a consistent looseness of mind.

Was Governor Barnett of Mississippi right or wrong? Goldwater has said Barnett "had every right to do what he did" in the case of James Meredith; and then he has said that he did not approve of "what Governor Barnett did"; and that the President has every right to use troops to maintain order. The Senator objected to the Eisenhower recovery program in 1958 ("if the Administration wants to give the economy a real boost, let it reduce taxes immediately"); five years later, with the budget less unbalanced than it was in 1958, he opposes a Kennedy tax cut. He is against racial discrimination and for civil rights, but also for the right of Mississippi to deny civil rights. He believes that "were the companies able to earn more money, which is most essential today; if the working man were allowed to make more money and keep more of it, I think a lot of the problems of welfare would solve themselves." But larger corporate or individual incomes cannot "solve" urban decay, heavy Negro unemployment, the problems of the aged who can't maintain themselves decently, or remedy the evils of overcrowded and mediocre schools or decrepit community transport.

It is not the voice of conservatism but the voice of Major-General Goldwater (Air Force Reserve) that tells us to "fear the civilians – they are taking over [the Pentagon]."

The answer finally is that Goldwater cannot be and, at the same time, that he must be taken seriously. He would boldly take us to the brink of war, and scorn the risks of peace. He would radically reduce our national commitments abroad (aid), and radically enlarge them (liberation of Eastern Europe, Laos, etc.). He is capable of believing that Walter Reuther is "more dangerous than the Russian Sputniks"; that "those people who would like to do away with McCarthy [Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine?] are the type of people who would also like to coddle Communists."

He is a man who tells us that he doesn't think "we've depended enough on philosophical presentation," and then offers this contribution to that presentation: "At the bottom, and with all the trappings of modern times stripped away, the real crisis of our times is in the thought and actions of men."

Grant the appeal of simplicity and certainty, grant that Goldwater is attractive and honest. We are left with his irrelevance. As the exigencies of high pursuit require him to learn more and talk in more concrete ways about real problems that may diminish. "In politics," he told Walter Cronkite, "as in anything else, you have to be practical. You're not going to reverse all these trends immediately. In fact, if you did, it would be rather disastrous." If he never departs from that line, and I think he will, he might become President.

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The Solitude of Jean Genet

by Victor Lange

Even though Sartre's study of Genet is forbidding and long-winded, it is curious that eleven years should have passed before this important piece of contemporary French philosophical and social criticism could appear in an English translation. Its provocative title suggests that it is not merely an account of the writer Jean Genet (who is in this country better known for his plays *The Balcony, The Blacks, The Maids, The Screens* than his novels), but that it is a disquisition on the character of the man of letters in our time. Genet's work is for Sartre the exemplification of an existentialist issue; he regards his notorious life of crime and homosexuality as a significant and entirely legitimate form of anti-bourgeois action, and his work as an attempt to transcend this life philosophically and poetically, by representing and illuminating existential experience from, as it were, the privileged position of self-centered feeling, self-directed gesture and self-contained speech.

Saint Genet
by Jean Paul Sartre
translated by Bernard Frechtman
(Braziller; $8.50)
Our Lady of the Flowers
by Jean Genet
Introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre
translated by Bernard Frechtman
(Grove Press; $6.50)

Here, as in several other important essays (notably the piece on Baudelaire which is dedicated to Genet) Sartre shows himself to be the most resolute moralist of our time. If he raises and unswervingly pursues the question as to the function of literature, he treats it not as an aspect of aesthetic criticism but of cultural anthropology. What, he asks here and elsewhere, is the relationship between the "morality" of our present society and the forms in which it can or should become productive?

In 1952, when Sartre's study appeared, Genet's melodramatic career was familiar enough to the French public: a bastard and foundling, born in 1910 he has been a welfare case throughout his life; unloved and neglected he became a thief, was at fifteen in the reformatory at Mettray, spent some time in the Foreign Legion, lived in Paris as bookseller and black marketeer and spent most of his years as a homosexual and public nuisance in and out of penitentiaries and prisons. That this congenital criminal is also the author of grossly pornographic but indubitably original novels is for Sartre the very indication of Genet's exemplary role: "he decided to be what he was, to put it otherwise, the matter was decided within him. Genet seizes upon the curse which goes back to the depths of his past, of his mother's past, and which has continued to the very present, and he projects it before him: it will be his future. It was a constraint; he makes of it his mission. He saw it as the raw fact of a tainted heredity; it becomes a value, an imperative. It was a thief, *I will be the Thief*. That is my profession of faith, it will be my martyrdom. . . ."

Genet's "abjection," Sartre continues, is the first of the three stages of his identification: he realizes his legend; to steal means to "consecrate" his thief's nature through the sovereign assertion of his freedom. That is the reason why he later calls theft a *poetic act* – the term must be understood in its original sense of *poiein*. The second is the "aesthetic" turn in which the act of crime is divorced from its incidental context, it is "a finality without an end." The criminal now dances his crime, murder becomes an aesthetic gesture. The third stage of Genet's development is the assertion of "Self" in the act of writing, a magic as well as a profoundly moral act, as Sartre sees it, in which freedom can be attained. It is the central purpose of Sartre's formidable essay to demonstrate that Genet's work is not merely an experiment of his poetic imagination, but an "ontological adventure" which turns existence into an essential performance. The state of mind of the criminal is the condition, the form of that moral detachment through which the imagination, divorced from its bourgeois supports, is most radically thrown back upon itself.

Whether *Our Lady of the Flowers* is, as Sartre insists, Genet's masterpiece, may not be easy to say. It is Genet's first novel, written in prison, privately printed in France twenty years ago, and now at last available in an excellent American version by Bernard Frechtman. It is also one of the most extraordinary pieces of contemporary

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writing, as rich in texture as it is coherent in purpose and impressive in technical skill. The title refers to one of the book's central characters, a young murderer and pimp who confesses to his crime and is eventualy executed and who is involved in a series of intricate homosexual relationships. Together with other homosexuals, Darling, Mimosa and the Negro Seck Gorgui, he is the target of Divine, née Louis Culafroy, an aging *tapette*, whose passive love and whose feminine desires give impetus and dramatic sequence to this world of violent outcasts. Genet may, in some measure, be identified with Divine: He relates the story of these curious creatures, describes their features, their speech, their gestures in a sequence of hectic scenes that derive their meaning and their justification entirely from the narrator's purpose. He is guided by only one impulse, and one criterion of relevance, his own state of excitement. If the incidents and the details which he reports do not provoke in himself and in the reader an erotic response, he rejects them. "Their truth," says Sartre, "their density, are measured solely by the effect they produce on Genet." Beyond his determination to evoke this response, the narrator has no concern with the mental or physical credibility of his characters; they derive their "presence" entirely from their being born of an intense desire to make each of their particular acts as exciting as possible. In the absolute solitude of his prison cell, outside and beyond society, the narrator learns to accept his own resources. He tests the efficacy of his imagination by giving body to it, by creating an actuality of sensation in which he is completely involved, which he draws into himself and to which, if he has made them overwhelming enough, he can yield. He is alone with his body and its functions and smells; what remains for him is his capacity to manipulate his objectified gestures, desires and dreams.

This is a universe abstract to the point of desolation; it is at the same time filled with the fury and excitement of relationships that exist only insofar as they are the climactic result of a frantic exertion, of a craving to the physical realization of the imagination. It is an altogether inhuman universe, inhabited by figures who have reality only in performing an act, any act, and who lose their presence the moment they no longer steal, murder, dance or cohabit. They are not, of course, "characters" in the sense of conventional fiction. "My books are not novels," Genet himself has protested, "because none of my characters makes a decision on his own." With the absolute "cruelty of the creator" he can deny them all prospects of development or reflection; they seem unaware of any element of adventure in their performance, there is no "anecdotal" connection between them, they exist only in the situations and contects in which Genet's imagination can test their erotic usefulness.

Among these violently evoked figures the character named Divine is the most fascinating; he "she" is at once the source and the object of the erotic play that holds the world of *Our Lady* together; she is active and passive at once; she is, above all the chosen example of that "saintliness," that "miraculous impassibility" of the *brutes par-*

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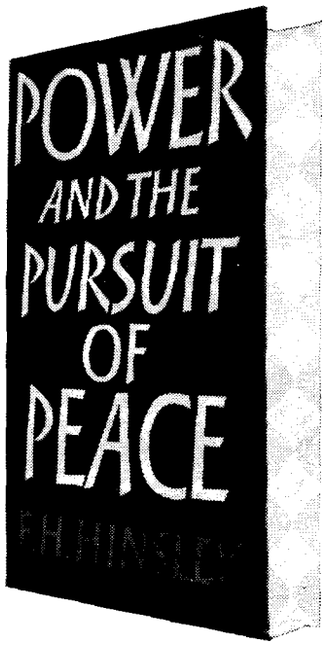

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faites who rank highest in Genet's hierarchy. Sartre writes volubly about this concept. He suggests that in a society of crime "saintliness" represents the ultimate goal towards which the outcast must move: Divine achieves it by a deliberate act of murder through which she kills within herself all goodness and all ties that might still bind her to the society of human beings. When one day a two-year-old child came to see her, she detached the wire netting across a balcony, locked her in and ran downstairs, waiting for the child to play on the balcony and lean against the railing. "The weight of the child's body made her fall into the void. From below, Divine watched. None of the child's pirouettes was lost on her. She was superhuman, to the point of – without tears or cries or shudders – gathering with her gloved fingers what remained of the child."

This is the climax of Genet's ecstatic, even orgiastic craving for dehumanizing the act of being. This confirmation of personality by self-destruction, the search for Self outside of society, the affirmation of isolation as the condition of meaning, all this is reiterated in scene after scene. For Genet these are issues of enormous contemporary relevance which he represents without interest in psychological or psychoanalytical argument, solely concerned with rendering them in the most compelling poetic images.

The key to an understanding of *Our Lady* is this pervasive sense of solitude which we are not so much asked to understand as to feel and experience in Genet's innumerable private gestures shockingly magnified and publicly exhibited. "Through the prisoner's odor we inhale his own odor; the double sensation of flesh touching itself, or two fingers of the same hand pressing against each other, gives us a phantom of otherness-in-unity." We are insistently forced into the presence of an intense but absolutely self-contained imagination which by producing a vertigo of images achieves precisely the dissolution of reality that corresponds to Genet's dehumanizing of his figures. "His art," says Sartre "does not aim, will never aim, at making us see: the avowed aim of his magnifying is to annihilate the real, to disintegrate vision."

This is to say that, while we are made to feel the intensity of Genet's observation we recognize that he is at the same time so thoroughly absorbed in derealizing what he sees that he perceives nothing. His vision and his speech determine one another, and it is part of Genet's design that the one must destroy and decompose the other. No doubt, he is one of the most brilliant verbal prestidigitators whose purpose and whose triumph it is to change "things that are" into compelling appearances. "My victory," he has said, "is verbal." His language has the magic of much modern poetry: it is highly evocative and suggestive, though not in the sense that it evokes or suggests any possible intellectual coherence behind the metaphor. It has a profoundly unsettling effect on the reader and acts upon him by making him *feel*, drawing him into a demonic world of evil from which he is able to see the pathos of his own unreality.

Genet's language is as deceptive but just as deliberate and calculated as his narrative technique as a whole. As an outcast he cannot be concerned with "communication"; it would be absurd to mistake his mixture of fire and ice, of furious feeling and glazed matter-of-factness for lyricism in the accepted meaning of that term. A lyrical state-

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ment requires community of one sort or another; *Our Lady* is a document of utter aloofness in which no attempt is made at reciprocity. Genet's language is not a system of signs and offers no discourse on the world. It is rather the world with Genet inside. Nevertheless, the huge dream monologue of the novel is meant to be heard, and if we cannot be participants we are not excused as witnesses.

For the horror, the shock and the embarrassment which *Our Lady* produces is due precisely to the fact that all its acts, gestures and scenes are exhibitions performed, as it were, behind the inaccessible glass walls of a prison cell which the author has accepted as the most effective place from which to destroy the intellectual coherence of the reader. Whether we find *Our Lady* congenial or not, it offers one of the most terrifying parables of the dilemma in which the contemporary intellectual finds himself: unable to accept the reality of his time but being far from any prospect of changing it by a social revolution, he has made up his mind that he must acquiesce in it and that his freedom can only consist in the imaginative creation of a hero-mythology. Imagination is in this work, as in so much of contemporary Western art, set over and against reality; Genet is committed to an attitude of fatalism, but he is resolved to represent the downfall and destruction of human beings as the triumph of the puppeteer-poet. His reality, however frightening, is not absurd; it is felt in the end to consist of innumerable single acts of which each contains the "presence of something else." It may well be in the very decomposition of the world, Genet seems to argue, in the effort to charge this act of abstraction with irresistible emotion that the solitude of the artist may become productive. Taken in these terms, *Our Lady* is the work of a powerful and remarkably consistent artist.

FILMS

Japanese Drama, Domestic Japery

I would give a good deal to know something of Akira Kurosawa's mind. His new film *High and Low*, which runs two hours and 23 minutes, never for a moment flags in interest and is flawlessly executed; but I have no satisfactory idea why, at this stage of his career, he wanted to make it.

High and Low (Toho)
The Wheeler Dealers (M-G-M)

The script is adapted from a mystery novel by an American manufacturer of mystery novels named Ed McBain. Truffaut has recently used a similar American original. The point is clearer in his case. Truffaut wanted to make a semi-satiric, semi-reverential French rhapsody on American "toughness" (*Shoot the Piano Player*). Kurosawa presumably thought that the most elemental of plots, the man hunt, would give him a chance to use the clean lovely lines of his storytelling ability in straight, unwavering perspectives. In terms of technique, that is the film's almost sensual reward for him. But there is nothing deeper. It is just the story of a kidnaping, with some of the light psychological and social trim now in vogue in detective novels. We see how the police finally find the kidnaper. That is all. *Yojimbo* and *Sanjuro*, Kurowsawa's recent pictures about an itinerant samurai, were little more than excellent Japanese "Westerns," but they did tell us something about the effects of immense social change in Japan a century ago. *High and Low* begins, drives on, ends. No more; no resonance of any kind, if we disregard the jacket-blurb guff about Good and Evil on every mystery story. *I would like to know why – apart from* the pleasure of making it – Kurosawa wanted to make it.

To say all this is not, I hope, to discourage the reader from seeing the film. Very much the reverse. Two hours and 23 minutes of fine entertainment are not a commonplace achievement. Also, from the opening frame (literally) to the last, Kurosawa never makes the small-

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est misstep nor permits it in anyone else. Every camera angle, every composition, every cut, every performance, is – as far as I can see – brilliantly right. Thus, in addition to its chase thrills, the film is full of visual pleasures: his peculiar, paradoxical spare richness that grows out of interwoven movement, unforced yet forceful grouping, and a persistently *following* camera, rather than out of laid-on sumptuousness in detail or color. The very motion of this motion picture is gratifying.

The story, set in Yokohama, is about a rich shoe-company executive (Toshiro Mifune) who has mortgaged himself to the teeth to buy stock for a power fight within his company. Just as he is about to dispatch an aide with the check, a telephone call comes (the one pat stroke in the script). A man has kidnaped the executive's son and wants, as ransom, exactly the sum he has raised for the stock purchase. Mifune, of course, agrees to pay; then his son runs into the room. The kidnaper (who soon realizes this) has taken the chauffeur's son by mistake. Therefore Mifune's choice – between financial ruin and realization of his ambition at the cost of a child's life – becomes, to him, debatable. He finally decides to pay the ransom and alter his business destiny. The child is returned, and the rest of the film is taken up with fascinating detective work.

Although this is not one of Mifune's most demanding roles, it further substantiates his power and versatility. Tatsuya Nakadai, the young actor who played his arch-rival in both samurai films, is appealing as a police inspector. Tsutomu Yamazaki gives the young doctor-criminal a diluted but recognizable Raskolnikov touch, the intellectual-murderer. So prodigal are the Japanese that Takashi Shimura, the hero of the memorable *Ikiru*, plays a small part with hardly a line.

There are two scenes in this picture, despite its limitations, that I do not expect ever to forget. The first is a visit to a "dope den" (as the sub-titles call it), done like an elongated misty nightmare. The second is the final scene: when Mifune and Yamazaki confront each other in prison. The youth is condemned to death (he has murdered three people in his adventures) and has

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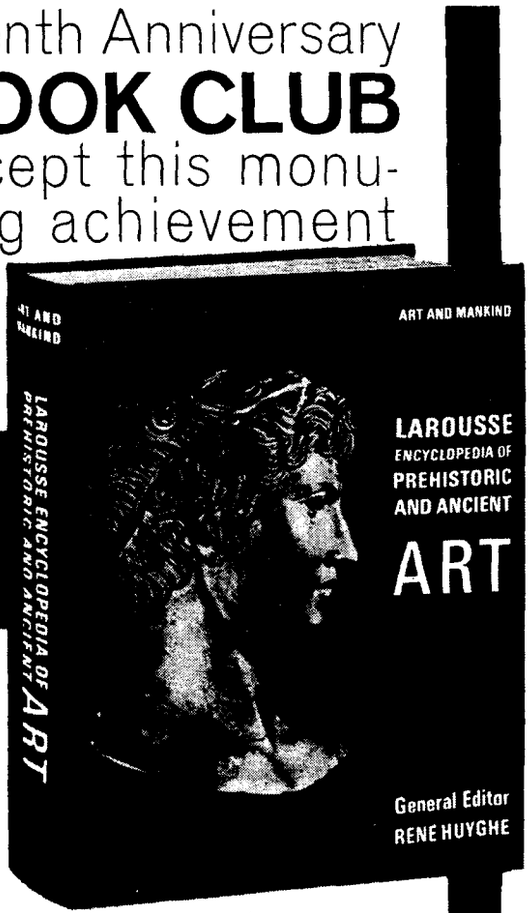

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asked the other man to visit him so that he can prove he is not afraid. The youth is *not* afraid; but he can't stop trembling, and this at last drives him frantic. He leaps at the wire netting that separates him from the visitor, then is dragged out by warders. We watch over Mifune's shoulder. An iron shutter comes down in front of him, cutting off the prisoners' room. Mifune continues to sit motionless. The End.

The last year or so has seen a gush of light romantic, even "screwball" comedies from Hollywood, distinguishable from one another chiefly by whether they were consistently or inconsistently painful. *The Wheeler Dealers* seems for the first few minutes to be just one more: Technicolored o'er with that paste of unreal hues and unreal life that is the agar-agar jelly for the culture of the most repellent balcony fantasies. But the script, by George J. W. Goodman and Ira Wallach, based on Goodman's novel, soon surprises us with a number of sharp satiric jabs. The texture is still marshmallowy; but, along the way, there are many neat knifings of Texas, New England, Wall Street, the SEC, and various social pomps and frauds. James Garner, as a pseudo-Texan promoter, gives one of his better comic performances, which is to say that he just about breaks through to become visible. Lee Remick, as a lady investment counsellor, is not quite up to his level. The direction by Arthur Hiller lacks precision. With some re-casting, less syrupy lighting and décor, and either slick cynical direction by Billy Wilder or fast farce direction by Norman Jewison, the same script could have made a thoroughly, instead of partially, amusing film.

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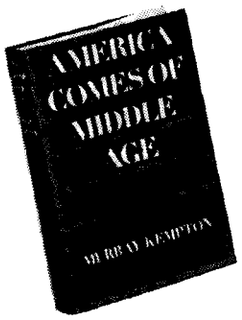

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Tax Cut

Sirs:

I have been persuaded, partly by the arguments expounded in your very fine magazine, that a tax cut would have a stimulating effect upon the economy. However, the Representative from the 1st district of Iowa, Congressman Fred Schwengel, in a speech made in Congress on September 25, has argued that a necessary side-effect of this government-induced stimulation would be additional inflation. His argument, as quoted from *The Congressional Record*, is this:

"The combined effect of an increase in Government spending and debt and tax cut would make available to the spending public an almost inexhaustable source of money to purchase goods and services. In the end the demand would be greater than the supply and the resulting increase in prices, the resulting inflation would be then directly attributable to Government action, cool, calculated and seemingly not reluctant action that we here are being asked to make."

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In reply . . .

The productive potential of our economy grows each year by 3½-4 percent, or more than $20 billion as the labor force increases, as business builds new plants, as new technologies are developed. Moreover, the Council of Economic Advisers maintains that the economy has enough excess capacity *today* to produce $30 billion more of goods and services, so that GNP might increase from $585 billion to $615 billion without leading to a decline in the unemployment below 4 percent of the labor force. This estimate is not seriously challenged. Moreover the Council believes that prices could be held relatively stable – with increases no more than 1 or 2 percent a year – at 4 percent unemployment.

The proposed tax cut of $11 billion is spread over two years, $6 billion in 1964 and $5 billion in 1965. While most

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of the increase in private after-tax income will be spent, not all of it will be. At the same time, government spending will increase, but only slightly. In view of the excess productive capacity now on hand and likely to become available, it is extremely unlikely that inflation will result. Prices may increase more than they would have if there were no tax cut or if goverment spending remained unchanged, but the difference here is in tenths of one percent, rather than the much larger amount that Congressman Schwengel suggests.

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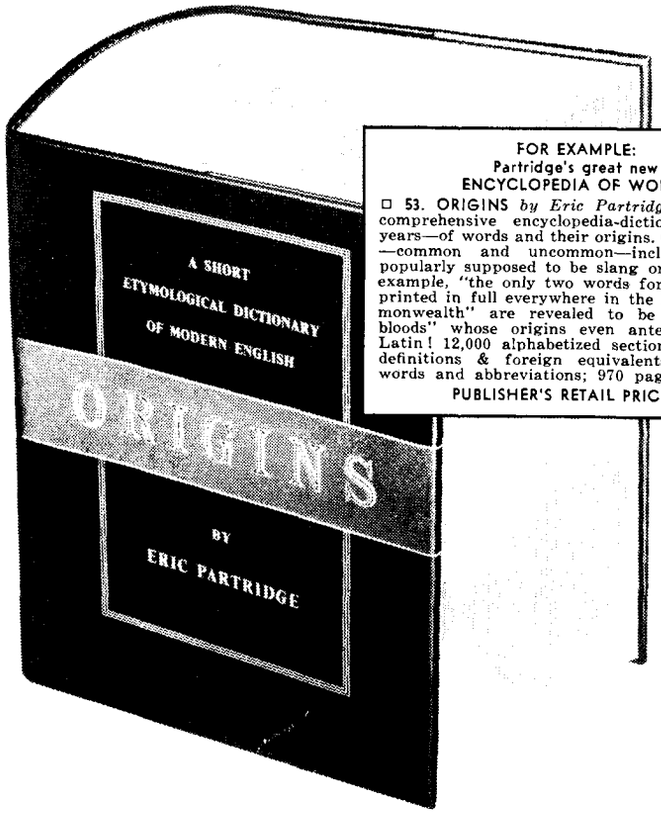

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